GRATIS WITH THIS NUMBER, SPECIMEN PAGES OF OUR NEW PAPER 'Duchess Novelette.' WEEKLY, See page 95. ½d.

POLICE · BUDGET · EDITION

EDITED · BY HAROLD FURNISS

FAMOUS CRIMES

PAST AND PRESENT

ONE · PENNY

HOW THE "RIPPER'S" VICTIMS WENT TO THEIR DEATH.

Vol. II.—No. 17.

THE STORY OF THE WHITECHAPEL MURDERS.

BY A JOURNALIST WHO WAS SPECIALLY ENGAGED TO INVESTIGATE THE CRIMES AT THE TIME THEY WERE COMMITTED.

"Here—judge if hell, with all its power to damn,
Can add one curse to the foul thing I am."
—MOORE, "The Veiled Prophet of Khorassan."

PART III.

AS might have been expected, the startling revelation of the coroner called forth an overwhelming mass of comment. A few of those who wrote upon the matter seemed to attach special importance to it, but the greater proportion by far saw no reason to connect the sub-curator's story with the murders, for the simple reason that the American's visit to the Pathological Museum had been kept a secret, as well as his visit to one of the great hospitals. The medical faculty was indignant, believing, or affecting to believe, that a slur had been cast upon the profession, and Sir J. R. Bennett wrote furiously to the "Times" upon the subject.

The "Daily Telegraph" made special inquiries, and published the result. It ascertained that the incident to which Mr. Baxter referred occurred some months before, towards the close of the preceding year. The person who made the request at the great hospital and at the scientific institution was for some time a student at the former, and it was stated he would have been able to obtain whatever he wanted without incurring any risk. As a matter of fact, according to the experience of demonstrators of anatomy, no such price for the organ mentioned was likely to be offered as £20. In a pecuniary sense there would be no value attaching at all. As a student, the applicant must have known the rules of the dissecting-room, and the very strict regulations of the Government in regard to the disposal of post-mortem subjects; therefore, he certainly would have excited suspicion by pressing his demand. The "Telegraph" representative was told at the London Hospital that an American pathologist would scarcely endeavour to get specimens in London when the less stringent laws on the Continent would render his task comparatively easy there, and specimens could also be procured in America without much difficulty. It was the theory of some people, said the "Telegraph," that the offer of £20 must have become known to an individual in the habit of using dissecting-rooms, and that, under stress of circumstances, that individual yielded to the temptation of taking life. But to get rid of the organs which he had obtained by such nefarious means, the murderer would have to place himself in communication with the person who had offered the price, and, doubtless, the latter would make inquiries as to how the seller had become possessed of them. This would lead to explanations, and if the would-be purchaser became the confidant of the assassin, he would be equally guilty with him. It is not to be supposed that any scientific man would enter into such a conspiracy. The Burke and Hare murders might be pointed to as bearing upon the case, but these happened many years ago, and science had made enormous strides since that time. In winding up its article, the "Telegraph" dismissed the idea of sale being the object of the murderer, and set down his appalling actions to a morbid eroticism which had culminated in insanity.

The legal fraternity censured Mr. Baxter for the manner in which he had promulgated the knowledge which had reached him. His proper course, they said, would have been to summon the sub-curator as a witness and examine him before the jury; and so the chorus went on, until September 30, when London was once more horrified by

THE FOURTH AND FIFTH MURDERS.

These two atrocious crimes took place on the same night, and within three-quarters of an hour of each other. The villainous wretch, having been interrupted in the first before the definite object, which everyone now recognised as the purpose of his horrible practices, had been attained, deliberately set off to discover another victim, and succeeded only too well.

BERNERS STREET.

On Sunday morning—it will be observed that this was a favourite time with the Terror—a woman was found with her throat cut in a court in Berners Street, Commercial Road, Whitechapel. The discovery was made by a Mr. Lewis Diemschitz, a travelling jeweller, and steward of the International Club, which is situated hard by. Mr. Morris Eagle had passed through the court at 20 minutes to one, and had not seen anything unusual near the premises. Even if it had been too dark to see the body, it would have been impossible for Eagle to have left the court and entered the club without having tripped over the body, so the inference is that, if the woman was murdered where found, the deed was done in the short space of twenty minutes, which is about the time the police-surgeon said a medical expert would take to do it.

The residents in the court knew nothing of it. Neither they nor the people in the club had heard or seen anything to lead them to suspect that foul play was going on so near. The Russian Jew, Diemschitz, on returning about one o'clock from Sydenham, where he had been to sell jewellery, drove into the yard, which is next to the club of which he was steward. His pony shied at something, which, on closer examination, proved to be the corpse of a woman huddled in a heap in a corner of the yard. The throat was cut clean to the vertebræ. Diemschitz called a friend from the club, and together they looked more narrowly. The body was quite warm, and blood was still flowing freely from the throat, showing decisively that the murder must have been committed within a very few minutes of the discovery. Indeed, all facts went to show that it was the arrival of the Jew which disturbed the murderer. But for that, it might have been safely assumed that the scoundrel would have proceeded to mutilate his victim as in the previous cases. The wound on the throat was almost identical with the throat wounds of the others—a savage slash, severing the jugular and carotid arteries, and going down to the spinal column. It was the true "Ripper" trade-mark.

In a few minutes the club was emptied of members and a crowd gathered. On the arrival of the police the yard was cleared, and the body was carted off to the mortuary on an ambulance, where it was soon recognised as that of Elizabeth Stride, alias "Long Liz."

On Monday, October 1, at the Vestry Hall, Cable Street, St. George's-in-the-East, Mr. Wynne-Baxter, the coroner for East Middlesex, opened an inquest on the body which was found murdered in Berners Street on the morning of the previous day, as already described.

The inquiry-room was quite different from that in which the other inquests had been held. It was large and spacious, with ample room for the jury, press, and public. Intense excitement prevailed in the region, and a large body of police had some difficulty in preserving order.

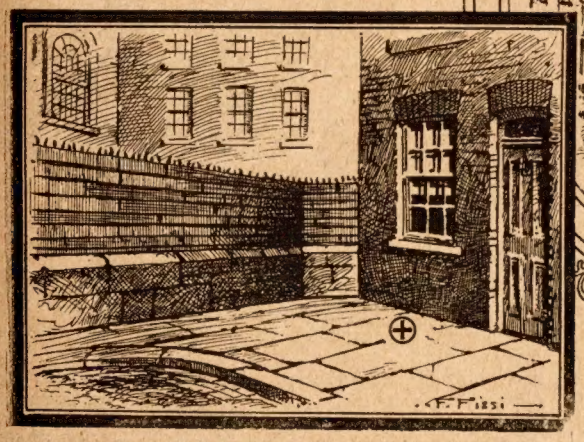
After the jury had been sworn they went with the

coroner to the mortuary to view the body. There many of them shuddered with horror at the ghastly sight. The corpse still lay as it had been brought in, fully dressed, with a great gaping wound in the throat unclosed, and with bloodstains still on the face. In previous cases the bodies had been washed and laid out beforehand, but the coroner had wisely prevented this premature interference.

The first witness called was William West, who stated that he lived at Berners Street, Commercial Road, and was a printer by trade. He occupied one of the houses on the side of the yard where the murder was committed. At the same number the International Working Men's Club had premises. Facing the street were a window and a door on the ground floor. The door led into a passage; at the side of the house was another passage into the yard, with two wooden gates at the entrance from the street. In the right-hand side-gate was a little doorway. The gates were sometimes left open, but were mostly closed at night, and the small door was also occasionally unlocked. There was no particular person whose special business it was to lock the gates so far as the witness knew. In the yard on the left was one house divided into three tenements, each with a separate door. There was no other way out but through the gate. At the back of the kitchen of the club was a printing office, consisting of a composing room and a room for the editor.

As far as the witness could remember, the compositors finished work at 2 p.m. on Saturday. The editor was on the premises all day, either in his office or in the culb, of which he was a member. He was there at the time of the discovery.

"How many members of the club are there?" inquired the coroner.



THE SCENE OF THE MITRE SQUARE MURDER.

"From seventy-five to eighty," was the reply.

"Any particular qualification?"

"Any working man can be a member."

"Of any nationality?"

"Yes. It is a Socialist club, and no one is supposed to be a member unless he is a Socialist."

Dr. George Baxter Phillips, whose evidence had been so noteworthy in the Chapman case, was now the medical officer to be examined in the present affair. His testimony was clear and distinct. There was an incised wound on the throat, he said, extending in a clean sweep from left to right, and penetrating as deep as the vertebræ. He had examined a knife, which, it was stated, had been found in the vicinity of the yard where the murder took place. It was of a kind used in joiners' shops, and was known as a "slicing knife." It had been recently blunted, and its edge was turned up as by continuous rubbing on a stone, such as a kerbstone. A knife of that description might have produced the injuries, but he thought it very unlikely. It was not sharp-pointed, but round, and an inch across.

He was of opinion that the deceased had been seized by the shoulder, pressed on the ground, and murdered. She was on her left side when the cut was inflicted, which was, as in the previous case, from left to right. The doctor could not account for the fact that the deceased's left hand was covered with blood. It was a mystery, taking it as fact that the hand had always remained as he found it, across the body. The woman must have been alive within an hour of his seeing her. He would say that the assassin would not necessarily get bloodstained in this case, as the commencement of the wound and injury to the vessels of the throat and neck would be away from him and towards the watercourse near which the body lay. It was difficult to account for the absence of sound in this case. It was possible that deceased might have cried out and not been heard because of the noise in the working-men's club close

WHERE THE CORPSE WAS FOUND IN BERNERS STREET.

at hand. There was no perceptible trace of anæsthetic or narcotic in stomach or viscera.

Dr. Blackwell, who was the first medical man on the scene after the murder had been committed, deposed that he found the body on its left side. There was a severe wound in the throat—in fact, the head had nearly been severed from the body. He had seen as serious wounds which were suicidal, but he agreed with Dr. Phillips that the knife found, though it might have inflicted the injuries, was a very unlikely weapon. There were pressure marks on the shoulders, as if the victim had struggled. In the left hand were some cachous, which he spilled on the ground during his examination. One was retained between the finger and thumb, and not being noticed by the police at the time was afterwards handed to him. The hand would gradually relax as life ceased when on the ground. The clothes of the deceased had not been disturbed.

Sven Ollsen, pastor of the Swedish church in Prince's Square, identified the deceased as a Swede he had known for seventeen years. Her name was Elizabeth Stride, and she had been the wife of John Thomas Stride, a carpenter. Her maiden name was Elizabeth Gustafstotger. She was

born near Gothenburg, November 27, 1843. He obtained these facts from the church register. All Swedes coming to this country gave in a certificate, and deceased registered on July 10, 1866. There was also an entry in abbreviated Swedish that she was married to J. T. Stride. He recognised the hymn-book produced, which had been found in the woman's pocket. It was one he had given her last winter. The pastor believed she was married to Stride in 1869, but could not say when he died. The deceased was very poor when her husband died, and the witness gave her assistance at that time. He never heard of her having had children, and had never seen her husband. She had told him she was doing a little sewing, and could speak English pretty well.

Elizabeth Turner.

William Marshall, 64, Berners Street, stated that he had seen the body. He remembered having noticed her on the Saturday evening in Berners Street, talking to a man on the pavement on the opposite side of the way. He recognised her by her face and dress, but did not observe a flower. (It seemed the deceased wore a white flower, though certainly not of a "blameless life.") He did not see the man's face, but he was dressed in a black cut-away coat and dark trousers. He had a cap with a peak like a sailor's. His height was about 5ft. 6in., and he was middle-aged, rather stout, and was wearing gloves. He had no stick. In appearance he thought he was like a clerk. He heard the man say to the woman, "You could say anything but your prayers."

At the resumed inquest on Wednesday, Elizabeth Turner, deputy of the common lodging-house, 32, Flower and Dean Street, stated that she did not know the name of the dead woman, but recognised her as "Long Liz," who had lodged in her house off and on for six years. The deceased had told her that she lost her husband on the "Princess Alice," which was run down by the "Bywell Castle" in the Thames on September 3, 1878.

Michael Kidney.

Michael Kidney, of 35, Dorset Street, Spitalfields, where "Long Liz" had also lodged occasionally, confirmed this story. At the inquest which was held after the accident at the Town Hall, Woolwich, however, there were over 500 bodies identified, and the name of Stride did not appear on the list.

"Wilful murder by some person or persons unknown," as usual.

That the foregoing crime was the handiwork of the notorious and infamous "Ripper" there cannot for a moment be the slightest doubt. The victim had lain herself down in the darkest corner of the yard, with the cachous still held loosely in her left hand; then, before she could utter a cry, the fatal knife, with its long and strong, though thin blade—a surgical instrument, in fact—was swept round the throat like a current of electricity. At that moment came the sound of the wheels of the Russian Jew's trap, and, bounding to his feet, the assassin fled into the darkness.

Had he been given but a few minutes longer the horrid work of mutilation would have been carried out on the same lines as in the cases of Nicholls and Chapman. The abdomen would have been slashed upward to the breast-bone, the experienced hand would have sought surely and swiftly for the organ wanted, and with quick, anatomical skill, it would have been secured.

The arrival of Diemschitz, however, spared the unhappy creature's body that awful desecration, and also spared the listeners at the inquest the ghastly details which had sickened the juries on the three previous occasions.

Still the wretch was not to be defeated in his design that night. Like a prowling tiger seeking its prey, when he vanished from Berners Street, he stole silently into the City, with his soul athirst for blood, and his long knife adrip, seeking for another victim on whom he might glut his fiendish appetite. And he found her in

MITRE SQUARE.

Dr. Gordon Browne.

In many respects this was the worst case that had as yet come before the public, as it was the most openly carried out. Being within the confines of the City, the civic authorities felt it would be a stigma and a reproach upon them if the assassin were allowed to escape scot free. They, therefore, began by offering a reward of £500 for his capture. But this was not all the money that had been proffered, although the Government still held aloof. Two newspapers, the names of which were kept secret, came forward with a proposal of £400 between them. Mr., afterwards Sir, Samuel Montague, offered £100, and the Vigilance Committees £200, making an aggregate of £1,200. It was more than probable at the time, however, that the reward would be increased to £2,000, as the Lord Mayor had been urged to open a public subscription-list, and the members of the Stock Exchange seemed disposed to take the matter up.

As a fact, the Lord Mayor did not open a list, but the members of the Stock Exchange held a meeting, and it was resolved by them that a large sum would be given to the person or persons who would succeed in bringing to justice the Terror of the East End. The exact amount was not stated, but it was fully believed that they would not allow the full total of the reward to fall below that mentioned, viz., £2,000.

And now for the murder itself.

As Police-constable Watkins, 881, of the City Force, was patrolling his beat in Mitre Square, at 1.44 on Sunday morning, September 30, 1888, his attention was attracted to the body of a woman lying on her back in the south-west corner. Her feet were towards the square. It was the most ghastly object that had ever met his eyes, although he had been seventeen years in the police. The throat was cut, literally, from ear to ear, the abdomen was

ripped open, and the bowels protruded. He felt sick and faint at the horror of it, but summoning up all his resolution, he rushed across to Messrs. Kearley and Tonge's warehouse, pushed the yard-door open, and called the watchman, a man named Morris, who had formerly been in the police, and was consequently equal to the emergency. Watkins at once sent Morris for assistance, and remained alone with the body until the arrival of P.C. Holland. This officer was quickly followed by Dr. Sequiera, who had a practice in the neighbourhood, and a quarter of an hour later Inspector Collard came upon the scene, accompanied by Dr. Gordon Browne, the police-surgeon. The discoverer of the murder had heard no sound when he entered the square at 1.44, either of voice or footstep, and to the best of his belief he was the only person in the square, with the exception of the gruesome thing which lay there so still and motionless.

Mitre Square is but a quarter of an hour's walk from Berners Street, Commercial Road, where the Swedish woman, "Long Liz," had been done to death within less than

No. 32, Flower and Dean Street.

the hour, so that the bloodthirsty savage must have been skulking around the narrow streets and by-ways of the locality seeking for his second victim for a considerable time.

Three gentlemen leaving the Imperial Club in Duke Street, hard by, had seen a man and woman talking together at half-past one, and one of them, named Newlands, was of opinion that the clothing he had been shown at the police-station was like that which had been worn by the woman, but he was not permitted to give a description of the man at the inquest lest it might interfere with the efforts of the police, to whom he had already communicated as well as he could all details respecting the dress of the unknown.

According to the medical evidence the murder might have been consummated in five minutes by one who knew the position of the organs missing, and in this case the result of the doctor's examination was even more terrible than in the Chapman affair.

The inquest was held at the Coroner's Court in connection with the City Mortuary in Golden Lane, and the first witness called was Eliza Gold, of No. 6, Thrall Street, Spitalfields. This woman recognised the deceased Catherine Eddowes, never married, and aged about 43, her sister. She had been living with a man named Kelly for years, and the witness last saw her alive about four or five months before. The poor woman got her living by hawking, and was of sober habits. Before cohabiting with Kelly she had been the paramour of a man named Conway for a considerable period, and had borne him four children. This sister could not say whether Conway was living or not. He was an army pensioner, and used to go out hawking as well as Kate, but Mrs. Gold could not tell on what terms the pair parted, good or bad, nor was she aware if they had ever met since they separated. The witness last saw Conway seven or eight years ago, and he and Kate were then on friendly terms. Her sister was not a quarrelsome woman, and after she went to live with Kelly the couple got on very well together. She last saw them in company about a month or five weeks previous to the murder, and then everything appeared to be going on happily. It was in a common lodging-house in Flower and Dean Street that she met them.

"You first said you had not seen your sister for four or five months," remarked the coroner, "and now you say a month ago. Which is right?"

No. 55, Flower and Dean Street.

"A month ago," replied the witness. "I meant weeks when I said months."

"Ah! you should be careful," said Dr. Langham.

The poor woman looked somewhat bewildered, as well she might with so many eyes upon her. To enumerate a few of those present, there were Major Smith, Acting Commissioner of the City Police; Superintendent Forster and Detective-Inspector McWilliam, watching the case on behalf of the authorities; Mr. Crawford, the City Solicitor; and a whole courtful of police, detectives, witnesses, and reporters.

After Mrs. Gold's examination was finished John Kelly, the man with whom the deceased was living at the time of her death, was called. He was rather a favourable specimen of his class, dark and pleasant-looking, but sorely burdened with the weight of care which had been so suddenly placed upon his shoulders. In answer to Dr. Langham, he said that he lived at 55, Flower and Dean Street, a common lodging-house, and was a labourer, jobbing about the markets. He had seen the body, and recognised it as that of Catherine Conway, with whom he had lived for the last seven years. She used to go hawking in the streets, and he last saw her on Saturday afternoon in Houndsditch, when they parted on good terms, she saying she was going to try and find her daughter in Bermondsey, and would be back not later

than four. She did not return, and he heard afterwards that she had been locked up on Saturday night. A woman who lived in "the Lane" (Petticoat Lane) told him so, but he made no inquiries, as he thought she had taken a drop to drink. He had never known her to go out for immoral purposes, and she was only slightly in the habit of drinking to excess, though she sometimes over-stepped the mark. On the Saturday she went to get money from her daughter, as he did not want to see her walking the streets all night.

Kate Eddowes.

"What do you mean by walking the streets?" demanded the coroner.

"Several times we have had to do that together, as we had no money for lodgings," Kelly returned, almost pathetically, "and we were without money that night."

He knew of no one who was likely to injure his Kate. He had never seen Conway, and didn't know if he were still living.

Replying to Mr. Crawford, the City Solicitor, he said he could not tell with whom she had been drinking. Some months ago they had a few words and parted, but she was only gone for an hour or two. They had no angry words on Saturday. Her daughter lived, he believed, in King Street, Bermondsey, and the last time the mother asked her for money was about a year before. They had been living in the Flower and Dean Street lodging-house for the last seven years, but on Friday night they did not sleep there. She went to the casual ward at Mile End. They had been hopping in Kent, and returned on the Thursday, when they both went to the casual ward in Shoe Lane. They had not earned any money, and when they parted on the Friday between three and four in the afternoon she said she would go to the casual ward at Mile End, as they had not enough money for lodgings for both. He had heard that some tea and sugar was found upon her, and she must have bought that with some money they got by pawning his boots for 2s. 6d. She was quite sober when she left him, though they had had a little drink. He had never known her to indulge in immoral practices, and she had never brought him money after having been out all night. His attention having been called to the fact that, according to the tickets found in her possession, the boots were pawned on Friday, the witness said he was so muddled he could not say whether the pawning took place on the Friday or Saturday. His "missus" took in the boots, and he stood outside in his bare feet.

Coroner Langham.

F. W. Wilkinson, the deputy of the lodging-house, gave the woman an excellent character, as characters go down Flower and Dean Street. She was never violent, and was seldom in the habit of drinking to excess. In fact, she was a very jolly woman and much liked among the other lodgers in the house. She hawked and cleaned among the Jews, and Kelly paid their lodgings pretty regularly. He had never heard of poor Kate walking the streets for immoral purposes, and she generally came in between nine and ten at night. He had never known her to be intimate with anyone but Kelly. She used to tell them sometimes that she had been married, and that her proper name was Conway, but he knew nothing of such a man. When Kelly paid for his own bed on Saturday the witness asked, "Where's Kate?" "I hear she's locked up," said Kelly, and then he took a single bed. The prices are—single 4d., double 8d. They had been away for four or five weeks, and he understood they had been hop-picking. In answer to a juryman, he said he would have trusted Kelly and deceased with a lodging on Friday night.

Inspector Collard, of the City Police, said that at five minutes to two on Sunday morning he got information at Bishopsgate Police-station that a woman had been murdered in Mitre Square. He at once sent on word to headquarters and despatched a constable for Dr. Gordon Browne. Thereupon he went to the square, where he arrived at a few minutes past two. There he found Dr. Sequiera and several police. The deceased was lying in the south-west corner of the square in the position described by P.-C. Watkins. The body was not touched until the arrival of Dr. Browne shortly afterwards, when the medical gentlemen examined it in his presence. Sergeant Jones picked up on the footway on the left side of deceased three small black buttons such as are generally used for women's boots, a small metal button, a common metal thimble, and a small mustard-tin containing two pawntickets. These were handed to the inspector, who also stated that the doctors remained with the body until the ambulance came, and saw the corpse placed in it. The remains were then taken to the mortuary and stripped by the keeper in presence of the two doctors and himself. There was no money whatever about the clothes.

Superintendent Foster.

Witness produced a portion of an apron found upon the body, which he said corresponded with a piece which had been discovered in Gouldstone Street later. Both these pieces had been examined by doctors.

For unmitigated brutality nothing, perhaps, ever exceeded the murderer's treatment of the body of his victim, as revealed in the doctor's evidence, except the manner in which he dealt with his last known subject.

"I was called," said Dr. F. Gordon Browne, "shortly after two o'clock on Sunday morning, and left home about 2.18. Proceeding to Mitre Square, I saw a mark of blood below the middle of the body. The buttons were found in the clotted blood after the body was removed. When the corpse reached the mortuary in Golden Lane the clothes were more bloody than when I first saw them. They were carefully taken off, and I made the post-mortem at 2.20 on Sunday afternoon. *Rigor mortis* was then well marked, but the body was not quite cold. There was green discolouration near the abdomen. On washing the left

hand carefully a recent bruise the size of sixpence was seen on the back between the thumb and forefinger. There were a few slight bruises of older date on the right shin, and a slight graze on the scalp. The hands and arms were browned, as if from exposure to the sun, but there were no bruises on the elbows, neither were there any on the scalp or the back of the body, which proved that the woman had not been thrown down, but was murdered as she lay. The face was much mutilated. I found a cut ¼in. long below the left eyelid, dividing the structure completely through. Both eyelids were nicked. There was a clean cut over the bridge of the nose, extending from the left border of the nasal bone down near to the angle of the jaw on the right side, across the chin. This cut went into the nasal bone and divided all the structures of the cheek, with the exception of the mucous membrane of mouth. The tip of the nose was quite detached by an oblique cut from the bottom of the nasal bone to where the wings of the nose join the face. A cut from this divided the upper lip, and extended through the substance of the gums from the right upper lateral incisor teeth. About ½in. from the tip of the nose was another cut, and there was also a cut at the right angle of the mouth, as if done with the point of the knife through the mucous membrane. Another cut ran over the upper lip for about 1½in., while a slash on each cheek peeled off the skin, forming a triangular flap. On the left cheek were two abrasions of the epithelium, and there was a similar abrasion under the left ear.

"The throat was cut for 6in. or 7in., commencing about 1½in. behind the left ear, and about 2½in. below it, extending right across to about 3in. below the lobe of the right ear, and severing all the large vessels of the left side. All the deep structures were divided to the bone, the knife marking the vertebral cartilage. The sheath of the vessels on the right side was just opened. The left carotid artery had a pinhole opening, and the left jugular vein was opened to the extent of 1½in. The cause of death was hemorrhage from the left carotid artery. The other injuries were inflicted after death.

"The front walls of the abdomen were laid open from the sternum to the pubes, and the incision went upward. It was a rip. The cut commenced opposite the ensiform cartilage and ran up without penetrating the skin that was over the sternum or breast bone. The knife must have been held so that the point was towards the left side and handle to the right. Behind this the liver was stabbed, as if by the point of the knife. Below was another incision into the liver 2½in. deep, and below this again the left lobe of the liver was cut through some 3in. or 4in. The cuts were shown by the jagging of the skin, as if the knife had been withdrawn and stabbed in again. The abdominal walls were divided vertically in the middle line within ¼in. of the navel on left side, and made a parallel incision to the former horizontal one, leaving the navel on a tongue of skin. The incision then took an oblique course to the right. It divided the lower part of the abdomen and went down to ½in. behind the rectum, etc. There was little or no bleeding from the abdominal wounds, showing that they were inflicted after death. The cuts were probably made by one kneeling between the middle of the body.

"There was little in the stomach in the way of fluid or food. The left kidney was completely cut out and taken away. The renal artery was cut through ¾in. This must have been done by someone who knew the position of the kidney, and how to take it out. The membrane over the uterus was cut through, and the womb abstracted, leaving a stump about ¾in. The rest of the womb was absent—taken completely away from the body, together with some of the ligaments."

Examined by Mr. Crawford, the Solicitor for the City, the doctor said: "I believe the woman was lying on the ground when the wounds were inflicted. They were made by a sharp-pointed knife, with a blade at least 6in. long. The person inflicting them had a good deal of knowledge of the position of the abdominal organs. The parts removed would be of no use for professional purposes."

"Would the extraction of the left kidney show great anatomical knowledge and skill?" inquired Mr. Crawford.

"Great knowledge of its position, for it is so easily overlooked," replied the doctor. "Such a knowledge would be possessed by one accustomed to cut up animals."

"Was he disturbed?"

"I think the perpetrator had sufficient time, or he would not have nicked the eyelids."

"How long would the whole thing take?" asked the solicitor.

"I may say that one accustomed to removing the womb," answered Dr. Browne, "could do so in five minutes."

Mr. Crawford.

In reply to other questions, the surgeon said he could not as a professional man assign any reason for these parts being taken away.

"I am sure there was no struggle," he continued, "and I think it was the act of one man."

"Can you as a medical man account for the fact of no noise being heard in the neighbourhood?" inquired Mr. Crawford.

"The throat had been so instantly severed," was the reply, "that I do not suppose there would be any time for the least sound to be uttered."

"Would you expect to find much blood on the perpetrator?"

"No, I should not."

"Was your attention called to a portion of apron found?"

"It was. There were stains of blood on the apron. The stains are of recent origin, but it is impossible to say if it be human blood."

"On the piece of apron were three smears of blood, as if someone had wiped their fingers on it."

"Yes. There were also what appeared to be stains of fæcal matter."

"Why was the face mutilated?"

"I suppose for the purpose of disfiguring the corpse."

This finished Dr. Gordon Browne's evidence for the time being, and the inquest was adjourned until October 12, when it was resumed.

John Kelly.

After a Mr. Newlands, one of the gentlemen who had seen a man and woman conversing together in Duke Street, when they left the Imperial Club at 1.30 on the Sunday morning, had given the evidence already referred to, Alfred Long, 254A, was called. He deposed that at five minutes to three in the morning he found a piece of an apron in Gouldstone Street, White-

chapel, on which there appeared to be recent bloodstains. It was lying in a passage to the staircase of Nos. 108-119 of the model dwellings there, and one corner of it was wet. Above it on the wall was written in chalk,

"THE JEWS ARE THE MEN THAT WILL NOT BE BLAMED FOR NOTHING."

The part of the apron was not there when he passed at 2.20. Upon finding it and seeing the writing, he searched about, but discovered nothing else.

This writing on the wall created almost as great a sensation as that which appeared at Belshazzar's feast, and brought Mr. Crawford to his feet, who closely examined the witness as to the position of the word "not" in the sentence, and as to the spelling of "Jews." He wished to know whether it was "the Jews are not," and whether "Jews" was not spelt "Jewes." The policeman could not answer, however, without his notebook, which was sent for.

Halse, a City detective, said that, under instructions, he directed a number of plain-clothes constables to patrol the City all night. The witness was at the corner of Houndsditch, Aldgate, with Detectives Outram and Marriott, of the City. He heard that a woman had been murdered in Mitre Square, and all three ran there. He then saw a never-to-be-forgotten sight. At once he gave instructions for a search of the streets round about to be made, and every man found in the vicinity to be stopped and examined. After a fruitless hunt on his own part, he returned to Mitre Square, and then went on to the mortuary, where he met Major Smith, and accompanied him back to Mitre Square, when he heard that a piece of an apron had been found. He saw some chalk writing on the wall by the spot where he was told the apron had been found, and remained there while Detective Hunt

Walked the streets all night.

went away to Inspector McWilliam, with a view to having the writing photographed. Mr. McWilliam, the chief of the City Detective Force, directed that the writing should be photographed as soon as possible, but before the messenger returned some of the Metropolitan police said the writing might cause a riot or outbreak against the Jews. The words were then rubbed out. Every tenement in the building was searched, but without avail. The witness's

The writing on the wall.

copy of the writing was, "The Jewes are not the men that will be blamed for nothing." It appeared recent, and was in white chalk on a black facia. He protested against the writing being rubbed out before Major Smith had seen it, but it was done in spite of his remonstrance. He concluded that it was recent, else it would have been rubbed out by some of the residents. It was about an inch high.

P.-C. Long, on his return to the inquest with his notebook, found that the entry was, "The Jews are the men that will not be blamed for nothing." The inspector afterwards remarked, when he saw the entry, that what was on the wall was "J-u-e-w-s." There were six or seven staircases in the buildings, and he searched them all, but made no inquiry in the tenements till about three o'clock. After doing so he went to the station, leaving another constable in charge of the spot where the piece of apron was found, telling him to keep observation if anyone left the building or entered. He next returned about five. The writing was not then rubbed out, which was not done until about 5.30. He heard no one object to its being obliterated. It was not quite daylight—5.30, or thereby.

In summing up the coroner suggested that a verdict of wilful murder against some person or persons unknown should be given, at once, and not postponed until the evidence had been gone through again. This having been agreed to, Mr. Langham proceeded with his speech.

The vocal cords, he said, must have been cut with such rapidity as to prevent any sound being given forth. All the evidence showed that no noise had been heard. Not only had the woman been murdered, but the mutilation was such as to make identification difficult.

This drunken woman was released from custody at one o'clock. Shortly after 1.30 a man and woman were seen talking at the corner of Church Passage by some gentle-

men leaving the Imperial Club in Duke Street, one of whom stated his opinion that the clothing he had seen at the station was like the clothing of the woman he saw. At 1.30 a constable went round Mitre Square, turning on his lamp, and found nothing amiss. At sixteen minutes to two the body of the deceased was found. The murder and mutilation must have been done in the short space of fourteen minutes, but according to the medical evidence the injuries might have been inflicted in five minutes. The history of the case was very painful. The deceased, it appears, was first living with a man named Conway for fourteen years. Her drunken habits induced him to part company with her. There were several children, and even they failed to know what had become of her. There was nothing to suggest that either Conway or Kelly had anything to do with the murder. Conway appeared to be an inoffensive man, and Kelly was at the time in question in bed in a common lodging-house. Kelly had heard that deceased was locked up, but, knowing the City custom of discharging persons charged with being drunk when they were sober, made sure she would return soon. They had been "hopping" for some weeks, getting back on Thursday, when they took lodging in Shoe Lane for the night. On Saturday Kelly saw her for the last time at eight in the morning. She was then going to find out her daughter. Something might turn on the fact that she never saw her daughter. It was just possible she went to Bermondsey, but failed to find the address. There was no evidence to show what became of her in the interim. Evidently she had been drinking. There was no question but that the unfortunate woman had been murdered by some person or persons unknown. Indeed, he might say by some person, as only one could have been implicated. A munificent reward had been offered by the Corporation, and might—he hoped would—lead to the miscreant's apprehension.

The verdict was then returned as suggested and directed by the coroner, but the case was not closed.

At the subsequent inquiry nothing of any great importance transpired, although the examination into all the facts was lengthy and searching. The murder, like all the others, was a mystery wrapped in the gloom of unspeakable horror, and mankind blenched and shuddered as the terrible details were laid bare.

It was about this time that mysterious letters began to be scattered about. Some were sent to the press and the police, and others to Mr. George Lusk, the chairman of the Mile-End Vigilance Committee, but whether these were from the perpetrator of the crimes, or were grim hoaxes, has never been discovered. To Mr. Lusk a horribly gruesome object was transmitted in a cardboard box. It purported to be half the kidney which was taken from the body of Kate Eddowes in Mitre Square, but was so advanced in putrefaction that the surgeons could not pronounce whether it was human or otherwise. Accompanying the box was a note which declared that the sender had cooked and eaten the other half. If this were intended for a joke, it was certainly one of the most hideous that man ever conceived.

It is said of a lawyer in Boston that he had a passion for the purchase of second-hand furniture at auction, and that in making good bargains he had filled his house with antiquated and almost useless articles. Upon one occasion his wife took the responsibility, without consulting or apprising her husband, to have a portion of the least useful removed to an auction-room. Great was her dismay and extreme her astonishment when, on the evening of the day of sale, a majority of the articles came back to the house. The husband had stumbled into the auction-room, and, not knowing his own furniture, had purchased it at better bargains than at first.

Hanged in her Bridal Dress.

The Extraordinary Story of . . . . ELIZA FENNING, POISONER.

"What a dish of poison hath she dressed him."
—SHAKESPEARE, "Twelfth Night," Act II. Sc. 5.

IMMEDIATELY adjoining High Holborn, and parallel with the south side of Red Lion Square, runs a long, narrow, gloomy lane called Eagle Street. Here, in the month of July, 1815, a remarkable scene was witnessed. In a back room of the house No. 14, long since pulled down to make way for Day and Martin's blacking manufactory, which itself has been transformed into Carter's seed warehouse, the body of a young woman who had a few hours before been executed at Newgate for poisoning with arsenic the family in which she was cook, was exhibited by her parents to all comers. The street was filled with crowds of compassionate or inquisitive gazers, money was freely given and readily received, and this extraordinary exhibition continued for five days. On the 31st of July a funeral procession wended its way up Lamb's Conduit Street to the burial ground at the back of the Foundling Hospital. The pall was borne by six young women robed in white; thousands of spectators followed, and crowded round the coffin as it was lowered into the earth. It bore upon its lid this inscription, "Eliza Fenning, died July 26, 1815, aged 22 years."

From that day to this the case of Eliza Fenning has been cited as one in which an innocent person fell a victim to the hasty judgment of a prejudiced and incompetent tribunal; nor was this feeling confined to an ignorant or angry populace. Sir Samuel Romilly, the Master of the Rolls, recorded his belief in her innocence. John Philpot Curran, the celebrated advocate, was in the habit of declaiming, in glowing words, on the injustice of her fate; and Charles Phillips, the most famous and eloquent Old Bailey barrister of his day, told the story of Eliza Fenning in his "Thoughts on Capital Punishment," and concluded his narrative in the following words, "Poor Eliza Fenning! so young, so fair, so innocent, so sacrificed! Cut down even in thy morning, with all life's brightness only in its dawn! Little did it profit thee that a city mourned over thy early grave, and that the most eloquent of men did justice to thy memory!"

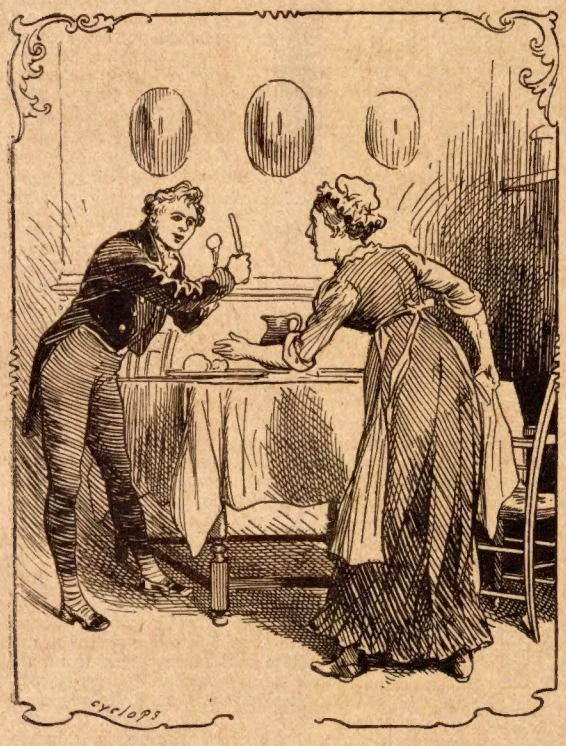
On the other hand, it must be remembered that the girl was defended by able counsel; that after her conviction the case was again investigated by the law officers of the Crown; that the trial took place on April 11, and the execution was delayed till July 26, a period of more than three months, during which every opportunity was afforded of bringing forward anything that might tell in the prisoner's favour; that the result of these inquiries was a confirmation of the verdict. But let us examine the facts, and form an independent opinion of the evidence adduced.

Eliza Fenning was cook in the family of Mr. Robert Gregson Turner, a law stationer in Chancery Lane. The family consisted of Mr. Turner, his wife, two apprentices, named Gadsden and King, seventeen and eighteen years of age, who lived in the house, a housemaid named Sarah Peers, and Eliza Fenning. Mr. Turner's father, Mr. Orlibar Turner, was a partner in the business, but resided in Lambeth. Eliza Fenning came into the Turners' service about seven weeks

before the fatal event which consigned her to the gallows. About three weeks after she was there an incident occurred which Mrs. Turner thus described at the trial:

"I observed her one night go into the young men's room partly undressed. It was very indecent of her to go into the young men's room thus undressed; I reproved her severely the next morning for her conduct. The excuse was that she was going to fetch the candle. I threatened to discharge her, and gave her notice to quit, but she showed contrition. I forgave her for it, and retained her. That passed over, but I observed that she failed afterwards in that respect she had before paid me, and appeared extremely sullen."

About a month after the occurrence, on Tuesday, March 21, Mr. Orlibar Turner dined with his son and daughter-in-law. Part of the dinner consisted of some yeast dumplings, of which all three partook. They had hardly done so when they were attacked by violent pains, accompanied by all the symptoms of arsenical poisoning. Soon afterwards Gadsden, one of the apprentices, who had dined at an earlier hour, came



"Gadsden, don't eat that!"

into the kitchen, and finding the remains of the dumplings, which had been brought down from the parlour, took up a knife and fork and was going to eat some of it, when Eliza suddenly exclaimed:

"Gadsden, do not eat that; it is cold and heavy. It will do you no good."

The young man, however, ate a piece about as big as a walnut, and in ten minutes he also was taken ill. The next sufferer was Eliza Fenning herself, who was afflicted in a like manner later in the afternoon, but not, be it observed, until a considerable time after the other persons had been attacked. Sarah Peers, and King, the other apprentice, who dined earlier, and did not eat any part of the dumplings, escaped. All persons who had partaken of the dumplings suffered in a greater or less degree from the effects of the poison. The flour from which they were made was examined, but no poison found, and Fenning, Peers, and King had dined on a pie, the crust of which was made with the same flour, without any ill effects. The poison, therefore, was not in the flour. Some sauce had been served in a boat separate from the dumplings, and of this sauce Mr. Orlibar Turner did not partake, yet he was one of the sufferers. The poison, therefore, was not in the sauce, nor was it in the yeast, the remains of which were examined. The poison, therefore, must have been in the dumplings, and arsenic was found in the piece that was left. Beyond doubt it had been placed there by someone during their preparation.

Mr. Turner had been in the habit of using arsenic for the destruction of rats and mice, with which his house was infested, and the poison was kept in an open drawer in the office, in which waste paper was kept, and to which everyone in the house had access. But Gadsden, the apprentice, swore that the poison was contained in a paper which had the words "Arsenic, deadly poison," written in large letters upon it, so that anyone who could read could not fail to know the nature of the contents.

Now, let us look at the facts which the jury considered sufficient to convict the prisoner of the crime.

On the morning of the 20th of March some yeast was brought to the house by the brewer's man, which had been ordered by Fenning a day or two before, without the knowledge of her mistress. The yeast was received by Sarah Peers, the housemaid, who poured it into a white basin and gave it to Fenning. The remains of this yeast, as we have said, were afterwards examined, and found to be perfectly pure. On Tuesday morning, the 21st, Mrs. Turner went to the kitchen and gave Fenning directions to prepare the dumplings. Fenning kneaded the dough, made the dumplings, and was in the kitchen the whole time until they were served at table, and for the greater part of that time was there alone. She, therefore, had ample opportunity to mix the poison with the dumplings, and it is difficult to suppose that any other person could have meddled with them without her being aware of the fact. Indeed, she herself stated that no other person had anything to do with the dumplings. We have already stated what happened when Gadsden came to the kitchen, and her warning to him not to eat them. He neglected the warning, and was taken ill, but not so ill that he could not be sent for the elder Turner's wife, Mrs. Margaret Turner. Now Fenning was not taken ill till after the arrival of Mrs. Margaret Turner, and considering that this lady had to be fetched from Lambeth to Chancery Lane, a considerable interval must have elapsed. As the effects of the poison, even when taken in so small a quantity as by Gadsden, were almost immediate, it follows that Fenning did not take it until some time after the symptoms had appeared in the others, and subsequent to the warning given to Gadsden. This seems to indicate that she took the poison designedly after she had witnessed its effects on others, and disposes of the arguments in favour of her innocence which have been founded on the fact of her having been herself a sufferer from the poison.

Now, let us glance at the statements made by Fenning herself. During the whole of the following day, in answer to repeated inquiries, she persisted that the poison was in the milk, which was fetched by Sarah Peers, and used for the sauce; that it was not in the dumplings, and that no one had anything to do with them but herself. But next day, when taken into custody, she changed her story, and told the constable she thought the poison was in the yeast, and that she saw a red sediment in it. But, as stated, the remains of the yeast were examined, and nothing of a deleterious nature found. One of these stories, therefore, must have been false; on her trial she abandoned them both, and confined herself to a general assertion of her innocence, in which she persisted to the last.

Such were the facts proved in evidence in the case of Eliza Fenning. It is easy to see why the jury should have arrived at a conviction of her guilt. It was hardly possible that any person but Fenning could have put arsenic in the dumplings. This alone, perhaps, would not justify them in coming to such a positive conclusion, but her false and contradictory statements, her warning to Gadsden, and her eagerness to fix the blame on her fellow-servant who fetched the milk, left in the minds of the jury no doubt of her guilt. It is true that the motive for the crime does not appear adequate, but our view of the case is that the girl was of a sullen, revengeful disposition, and the severe reproof administered by Mrs. Turner for alleged indecent conduct goaded her into this fiendish act of vengeance. That she partook of the dumpling intentionally, either to conceal the crime or destroy her life, we have little doubt.

The prisoner's defence was as follows:

"I am truly innocent of the charge; indeed I am! I liked my place; I was very comfortable. Gadsden behaved improper to me. My mistress came and saw me undressed. She said she did not like it. I said, 'Ma'am, it is Gadsden that has taken liberty with me.' The next morning I said, 'I hope you do not think anything of what passed last night.' She was in a great passion, and said she would not put up with

it. I was to go away directly. I did not look upon Mrs. Turner as my mistress, but the old lady—Mr. Orlibar Turner's wife. In the evening the old lady came to town. I said, 'I am going away to-night.' Mrs. Turner said, 'Do not think anything more about it; I don't.' She asked Mrs. Robert Turner if she was willing for me to go. She said, 'No, she thought no more about it.' As to my master saying I did not assist him, I was too ill. I had no concern with that drawer at all; when I wanted a piece of paper I always asked for it."

Five witnesses were called for the defence, all of whom gave the prisoner the character of a good-natured, amiable girl. The Recorder, it must be admitted, summed up strongly against the prisoner, and concluded his charge thus:

"The prisoner, when charged with poisoning the dumplings, threw the blame first on the milk, next on the yeast, and then on the sauce; but it has been proved that none of these contained the poison, which was in the dumplings alone, and which no person but the prisoner had made. Gentlemen, if poison had been given even to a dog, we suppose that common humanity would have prompted us to assist it in its agonies. Here is the case of a master and mistress poisoned, and no assistance was offered. (The prisoner in her defence had accounted for this.) Gentlemen, I have now stated all the facts as they have arisen, and I leave the case in your hands, being fully persuaded that whatever your verdict may be you will conscientiously discharge your duty both to your God and to your country."

After deliberating but a few minutes, the jury found the prisoner "Guilty," sentence of death was passed, and the miserable girl was carried from the bar, uttering fearful shrieks.

The case was twice carefully investigated subsequently by the Lord Chancellor, assisted by two other judges and the Recorder who had tried the case, but they could find nothing to justify them in interfering with the verdict and sentence. The public, however, was fully assured that Fenning was innocent, and an excited controversy raged in the papers. Eliza maintained her innocence to the last. She was to have been married, we believe, on the very day appointed for her execution, and she appeared on the scaffold in her bridal attire of white. Just before she left the condemned cell to walk to the scaffold, the Rev. Dr. Cotton, the ordinary, asked if she had any last request or statement to make. She replied, "Before the Almighty God, and by the faith of the Holy Sacrament I have taken, I am innocent of the crime with which I am charged. I hope God will forgive me, and make manifest the transaction in the course of the day." She walked firmly to the scaffold, and, after a brief prayer and a last asseveration of her innocence, she was launched into eternity.

It has been asserted in recent years that a nephew of Mr. Turner's subsequently on his death-bed confessed that he mixed the poison with the dumplings whilst Fenning was for a moment or two absent from the kitchen, to be revenged upon his uncle for refusing him money. But this story was evidently a fabrication, for the nephew could not have entered and left the house without being seen by someone, and Eliza herself stated that she never left the kitchen. Yet, on the strength of this story, the latest writers on circumstantial evidence have branded the execution of Eliza Fenning as a judicial murder. Of all persons, indeed, who have written on the subject, we stand alone in our conviction that Eliza Fenning was guilty of the crime for which she suffered. We have sifted every scrap of the evidence carefully, and we can come to no other conclusion than that all the sympathy and indignation which have been expended on her case have been wasted upon an unworthy object, and that Eliza Fenning was as deliberate a murderess as ever suffered the extreme penalty of the law.

SHE WAS IN A GREAT PASSION.

TRANSPORTATION was first inflicted as a punishment by 39th Elizabeth, c. 4. Before the Act passed executions were very numerous. Holingshed says that 72,000 criminals were executed in Henry VIII.'s reign. The Act passed to make felons work on the Thames in 1776.

BY the Roman law, persons guilty of high treason might be tried even after death, to punish their heirs; and this practice was adopted by the Scots; and as it was a maxim that none could be tried if absent, the corpse or bones were presented at the bar.

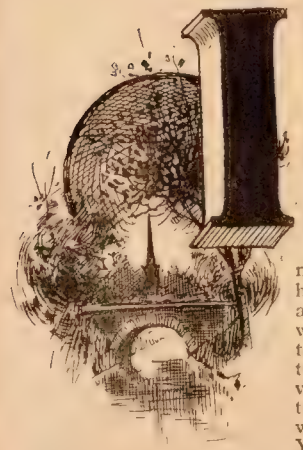
TRIAL by twelve judges was first introduced into Denmark by Regnerus, who began to reign 820. The institution borrowed in Great Britain by Ethelred, and juries established, as at present, 979. The custom of keeping them from food, till after their verdict, took its rise from the fear of bribery, it being customary for the plaintiff and defendant to feast them.

A BRISTOL Clergyman's Ordeal.

Heroic Chivalry Earns a Convict's Dress.

"Nothing is more easy than to deceive oneself, as our affections are subtle persuaders."
DEMOSTHENES.

PART II.



I WAS, gentlemen, as you may suppose, very fond of my wife and children; still, I often observed a kind of melancholy about her at times, which made me very unhappy. When I was kinder than usual, she would say she was not worthy of me, and would sigh on my bosom, as if there were something on her mind to trouble her. I supposed it might be that I did not wish her to visit her friends so often as formerly, now the children were growing up, and used to tell her not to be sorry for that, as we would pay them a visit again before long, and that all my father's family, who lived in Sodbury, near Yate—whom we used frequently to visit, and who frequently used to visit us—were all very fond of her, and loved her and the children dearly, and then she would say she was not equal to work, and that made her feel depressed sometimes.

"It may be well to state here that when we first came to live together, we had frequent disputes about her having been so disobedient to me as to stop in Kent soon after our marriage, contrary to my wishes. I was always the more surprised at this because she had continued without exception so kind and good to me, and was so much respected and beloved by all my family, and had always of late years conducted herself so discreetly. I used to tell her that there must be some reason for her melancholy, though I could not tell what. I asked whether she had ever heard of that man Leach since she had been married. She told me he had written to her or her sister in Kent a few days after I had left in 1849, but had never seen or heard of him since. This aroused some little jealousy, which, however, gradually died away, as my wife continued to bear me children, and to manage the house well. Still I observed those times of sadness upon her which I could not understand.

"After my father's death, in August, we were, of course, drawn more to depend upon one another than ever. Last Christmas vacation, after we had been talking of visiting Kent this Easter, to see Sarah's mother, still residing at the farm, I especially found there was still something troubling her mind.

"Now, at Christmastide most persons' hearts are enlarged to one another, and it was at the vacation we spent most of our time together conversing and talking with the children. I then told her I was very sorry to see her sad and melancholy so often, and pressed her to tell me the cause, telling her I was never perfectly satisfied in my mind about her staying in Kent against my will in 1849, though I did not at all know why.

"She also seemed afraid to take the Sacrament so willingly as I could wish.

"At last, on the 22nd of January last, she told me there was something on her mind which had often made her most unhappy, especially before child-birth, as she was afraid she might die without confessing it, and yet she was afraid to tell me. I was greatly alarmed, and told her I would be quite satisfied if she would take an oath that nothing wrong had happened since our marriage. She burst into tears, and said she could not conscientiously take such an oath for more than the last eight years, or the time she had been living with me since November, 1849.

"I demanded to know the whole truth, since anything was better than suspicion. She then knelt down by my side, and, with many sobs and tears, told me that some of her friends persuaded her that I slighted her, and therefore left her in 1849 because I did not think her good enough for me; they made her despair of my love, and then she wrote to London to tell Leach, her former lover. He wrote down expressing his great sorrow for her forlorn position, saying it was just how he had said it would all happen, and begged her to have an interview with him, as he wished to be her friend now he could be nothing nearer. They had an interview at Canterbury, and her sister-in-law went as her protector, and they had dined with Leach, and, after dinner, they arranged to go to Whitstable to spend the afternoon by the seaside, because they were known at Canterbury, and that I might hear of the visit if I stayed there. They went to Whitstable, about eight miles from Canterbury, by railway, to a Mrs. Shilling's, a friend of the sister-in-law, that they missed the return train—and she thinks this was done on purpose by Leach—that they all sat up together till twelve or one o'clock drinking, when the two women went to the bedroom, and left her and Leach sitting together, and that adultery then took place. Leach in the morning returned to London, and when she went to London again in 1849 she met Leach at her brother's, and the crime was again committed. He then tried to persuade her never to go to me again, and promised to marry her if she would wait for him seven years, and live in London near him. She did not know then she should come to me again, as her friends said I had most likely missed her purposely as I was returning from Cambridge in 1849, though she was determined to see me, and therefore wrote to me to come for her, as already mentioned.

"I was horror-struck and stunned at this dreadful confession. I felt bitterly the sorrows of affection withered, life's joys poisoned at the fountain. There was my wife lying on the floor—it was about eleven o'clock at night—fearfully agitated, and pale as death. She is subject to palpitation of the heart. I thought she would have died. There, too, was my youngest son, not yet weaned, sleeping quietly in his cradle, all unconscious of the tremendous agony of his wretched parents; his innocent looks filled me with compassion.

"I knelt down by my wife's side and tried to soothe her. She said she wished to die, as she knew I must loathe her, and wished me to send her away from me and the dear children. I bade her calm herself. I did not know what to do, my feelings were so lacerated I could scarcely think at all. The one dreadful idea was racking my heart as to whether the beloved children were my own. I begged her to satisfy me upon this point, on oath. She said she could do that most faithfully, as she had never done anything wrong since she had been living with me, and never should have done if she had not been led astray by her wicked seducer after she had been fully persuaded that I had slighted her; she had since found how wrong and wicked she had been, for she knew how hard I had been working, even then and ever since, for her and her children; then the thought sometimes made her almost distracted, and she could no longer rest without telling me, and that, if I could not pardon her, she would go away and live with her mother, though she knew it would break her heart if she had to leave me and the children after so many years of kindness and love between us.

"I was still very fond of her, so advised her to take the child to bed, for it was getting late, and I would forgive her, as I believed that she had told me the truth, but I was afraid I should never lift up my head again. I took her to her bedroom, watched over her till she was calm, and wished her to let me fetch the doctor, as she still appeared very ill—of course sleep was out of the question. I paced about the room thinking of my horrid fate. I had been so bitterly wronged by one whom I had loved as my own flesh and blood.

"My thoughts then began to revert back to the time when this foul dishonour was done me, and by degrees I forgot my position in life, my children, and everything around me, and could only think of myself as I was at the time this crime was committed—a young man fresh from college. I felt almost frenzied, stung to the quick, where man's nature rightly feels most sensitive. I called to my wife, I told her I had forgiven her, but was determined to punish the villain who had dishonoured her. I did not know who he was, having never seen him, and therefore should insist on her bringing him to my hands if he were alive.

"The poor thing, knowing what she had done, said she would try to do so, but did not know whether he was married

or single. I said, never mind that; if he is married I suppose he won't come; but try to bring him to me. She said she would.

"The idea now occurred to me of planning a retaliation on Leach, which should, as far as possible, tally with his own plan for my dishonour. He had travelled to Canterbury for his own vile lust, and I determined to make him travel to Bristol for his chastisement.

"To make the resemblance still more complete, I resolved to lure him to Yate, as he had lured my wife to Whitstable, and to take him a few miles into the country to a spot which struck my mind as best adapted to give him a hearty thrashing.

"Being well acquainted with the common and the station at Yate, I decided on my wife taking him there, and accordingly, goaded by intolerable agony, and, I think, not unnatural resentment, I devised the scheme of which the chief features have been laid before you.

"I dictated the letters, I sent for the answers, I insisted on the widow's cap—we were in mourning at the time. My wife, anxious to atone to the uttermost for the wrong done to me, and fearing I should go mad, implicitly obeyed me, and acted throughout under my direction.

"She made me promise, which I did willingly, that I would do no serious harm to him. She met Leach at the Bristol station. I went by the same train with them to Yate. They went through the wicket-gate first, and I followed them, and immediately I came up with them, about one hundred yards from the station. It was so dark I missed them at first, and cried out after them.

"I then gave Leach a blow with a stick, which fell on his umbrella. It was broken, and caused the noise the porters heard. I gave him only one or two cuts, and he seized me by the collar of my coat. In the struggle we fell, Leach falling on top of me. Then the railway porters came up with a light and found us on the ground.

"When I got up, I discovered that the revolver—which I had bought for protection, in case he should draw a knife on me—had slipped out of my pocket, and while I was feeling along the ground for it, close by a porter who was carrying a light, I met with a brown-paper parcel, which I thought might be something which my wife had dropped. I put it under my arm, and, as the porters were talking of seizing us, I at once made off with my wife without finding the revolver. The men went one way after us, and we turned off the other, and, as it was very dark, they did not perceive us, so we got to Wickwar, and hired a conveyance to Bristol. My wife wore a widow's cap, partly to prevent her being known at the Yate Station, and partly to deceive Leach more effectively. I was, of course, under the necessity of taking my wife with me to identify Leach. When I bought the pistol I said it was for one of my pupils who was reading for the Army, and required it for his use afterwards. I solemnly declare I never had any intention of using it aggressively against Leach. Had I any such intention, it is, I think, obvious that I should not have paved the way for my certain detection. I wore no disguise, and took Leach to the very place where I was best personally known.

"I beg your attention to the fact that a piece of felt was placed between the hammer and nipple of the pistol to prevent its going off, and that the felt remained there, and was found after the affray was over precisely as the gunsmith had placed it. It is therefore clear that I had no intention of using it against Leach.

"My sole object from first to last was to give him a good beating, and to gratify my resentment, by a resemblance in the journey and the circumstances attending the wrong done to myself, and the punishment to him which had captivated my excited mind, and seemed to offer to my outraged feelings the readiest solace.

"The wrong I have sustained was no common outrage—it was no case of sudden temptation which had overcome the seducer. He had taken advantage of a temporary disagreement, and deliberately plotted the ruin of his victim and my foul dishonour. He had, with a cool premeditation, taken a journey with the express intent of availing himself by the basest means of the first chance after our marriage of ruining my young wife, and, not content with that, of planning her prolonged disgrace and public infamy!

"Stung to madness by such a disclosure—oh, put yourselves in my position, and, before condemning me, ask your own consciences what milder course than I took would have satisfied your outraged sense of deep, indelible wrong!

"Talk of the laws of the land! What consolation do they

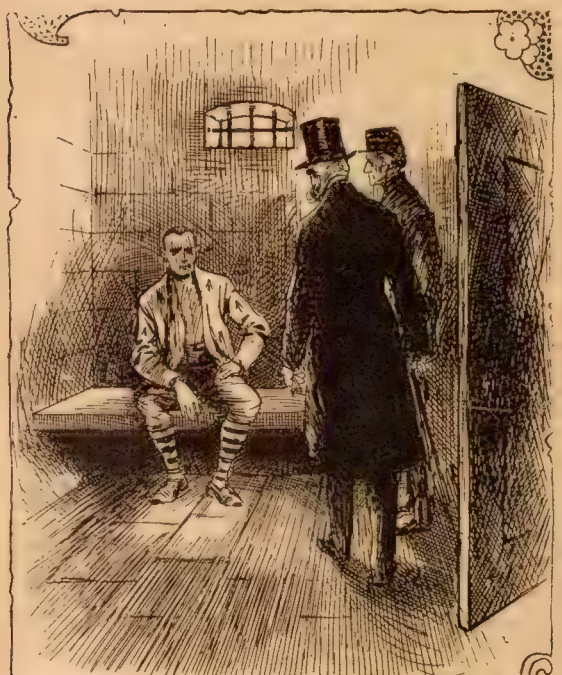
MRS. SMITH'S TERRIBLE CONFESSION.

offer for so peculiar an injury as mine? What redress could they give me for this foul adultery?

"In her deep grief and my great love I had forgiven her. Of what avail were courts of justice in such a case? I took a shorter road to redress. I offended the law of the land, I forgot what was due to my sacred office, it is true; but who will say that I sinned against human nature? Which of you will say, now that the evidence of the surgeon has been heard, that this adulterer has received a punishment more than his due?

"A chastisement I intended, and a chastisement I inflicted, but where is the evidence that I intended him further injury? I again solemnly deny that I had any such intent. Find me guilty if you will of an assault, but I implore you to pause before you add utter ruin to me and mine, to my innocent children and their broken-hearted mother, by finding me guilty of an act of felony, of which she is wholly innocent, and which will take the bread from my mouth, brand me with indelible disgrace, and aggravate the terrible affliction which the author of all our misery has heaped upon our heads."

Thus ends one of the most extraordinary speeches ever



The Rev. Samuel Smith in Prison.

delivered in a criminal court of justice—extraordinary by the force of exquisitely powerful rhetoric, and extraordinary for its pathos and its description of a case environed by heart-rending circumstances.

The closing scene in this drama in real life took place on the following day, after the jury had brought in a verdict of Guilty. Sentence had been postponed. Indeed, we can readily understand the hesitation of the judge to pronouncing sentence without drastic thought.

When the prisoners were again placed at the bar, the female was told that on entering into bail she would be set at liberty. She appeared pale, and had a forbidding look.

The male prisoner was sentenced to four years' penal servitude, a sentence which he received with great calmness, but seemed mostly anxious about his wife, who appeared to be in a fainting condition.

The sentence evoked a storm of indignation throughout the kingdom, and in a moment the sympathy of the leading Press of the day went out in a loud chorus for the unhappy gentleman, who was universally regarded as a martyr to a harsh administration of the law.

If grossly sinning in the premeditated plan which, in flagrant violation of his sacred calling, he carried to a consummation at Yate, the reverend offender was also grievously sinned against, and, looking to the blighting consequences which necessarily attended the exposure alone, it might have been thought that the ends of justice would have been fully met by a punishment far short of the crushing period of penal servitude allotted.

It seems heavy, also, comparatively, and many people will not fail to contrast it with the light sentences passed on the iniquitous British bank directors, who scattered such widespread misery around them at the same time, and who were then easily whiling away their several periods of seclusion from the world.

Did ever man seek to wreak his revenge with a more curiously complicated refinement of perverse ingenuity? The transparency of the measures taken, and the utter absence of all precautions to evade detection, are astounding, until one is more astounded at finding that the assailant, who, to cure his wounded honour, went forth with bludgeon and pistol, actually expected that his victim, after being beaten within an ace of his life, would take the affair quietly, and not expose himself and her to whom he had acted so wickedly.

All this is stranger than anything one could read in a novel. Certainly neither Fielding nor Thackeray, nor any other master of fiction, has ever had the imagination to conceive, or, at least, the hardihood to introduce on the written page, such a tissue of adventures and wonderful circumstances as converged to a final crisis at Yate Common, when the inveigled victim Leach was dragged bleeding from his clerical assailant, and the latter, with his wife, clad in false widow's weeds, fled in the darkness of the night, only to escape for a few brief hours the inevitable detection which awaited them.

Energetic efforts were made to encompass a mitigation of the punishment, but without avail. Home Secretary Walpole declined to interfere with the sentence passed, although a strong memorial accompanied the appeal for clemency.

The unfortunate man was confined in Millbank, and perhaps never in the history of that grim establishment was there ever received into its hungry maw a convict whose position was more pitiable than that of the Rev. Samuel Smith, who had acted, although in contravention of the law, in a manner that few would not have done for the vindication of honour and also of a great injury done—an injury in itself little short of murder.

The unhappy man, we believe, fully served his time, and for a period at least the school establishment was kept going by the brother, whose personality has already been described.

THE hanging of Bud Wilson, a murderer, at Danville, Arkansas, last year, was attended by extraordinary incidents.

After the body had been hanging twenty minutes, the physicians pronounced Wilson dead. The body was lowered into the coffin.

As the lid was being placed on the casket, Wilson opened his eyes, and his whole body shivered.

The astounded sheriff and deputies, alarmed at the thought that the man was not dead, carried the body again to the scaffold.

The physicians, after an examination, decided that there was no question that Wilson was dead, and attributed the movements to muscular contraction.

Forgery Made Easy.

THERE has recently been a considerable amount of agitation among those who have to rely upon signatures for the genuineness of documents, and notably among bankers, concerning the use of stylographic pens. It has been pointed out that the signatures have no definite characteristics, and that they are easily forged by anyone possessing these convenient writing implements. To secure themselves, therefore, many of the leading firms insist that all cheques and bonds shall be signed with metal or quill pens, having split nibs, and refuse to honour any deeds or bills which bear the trace of the stylo. Again, it has been pointed out that under no circumstances whatsoever will certain banks take cheques which have the signature written in aniline, or copying ink, inasmuch as it is a mere matter of judicious employment of a copying pad to reproduce the sign manual. The progress which has been made in the past century has done much to make forgery easier, and Cruikshank, who made such a fuss over the temptations placed before the public when one pound notes were issued, would have to draw a large number of cartoons to warn the weak against the dangers of employing patent pens and inks. We doubt, however, if he would now be able to influence the Government to suppress the articles of which he disapproved.

THE WAYS OF THE CRIMINAL

III.—MORE TRICKS OF THE SHOP-LIFTER—THE MAN AND THE APPLE.

ANOTHER exceedingly clever device is the garter plentifully supplied with hooks. The garter is made of very strong elastic, with a buckle which firmly fastens it to the leg in whatever position the thief pleases. The garter is arranged so that the woman can reach it through slits specially made in the sides of her dress and skirts. The hooks are fairly large, and it requires some considerable amount of practice to walk with them on. Sometimes a woman wears more than one of these garters, and some months ago a woman was arrested who had three of them, the hooks on each being well furnished. Suspended from her garters were:

A gold chain.
A pair of sleeve-links on a card.
A silk handkerchief.
A valuable piece of lace.
A chain purse.
A diamond ring.
A gold watch.
A pair of folding eyeglasses, and a pair of silk stockings.

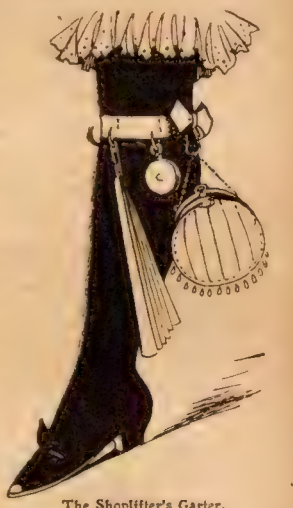
Not long ago a well-known thief decided to reform, and in a burst of confidence he told something of his life-story to the gentleman who took him into his employ. He said that as a young boy of five or six, his mother—who, by the way, was a confirmed criminal—used to take him with her to the boot shops when she wanted to buy new footgear. He was made to sit at her side, and when the shop-girl was in another part of the shop looking for more boots for his mother's inspection, it was his "duty" to seize a pair of those lying on the floor and hitch them to hooks on his mother's underclothing.

The police just now are rather anxious to find three men who have four times successfully worked the neatest shop-lifting swindle which has come under the notice of the authorities for a good many years. One morning into a well-known jeweller's shop stepped a man dressed in the height of fashion, and with a noise and manner which suggested the aristocrat. To the assistant he explained that he wanted to see some rings, brooches, a diamond necklace or two, and other articles of jewellery, including gold cigarette and cigar cases. "I'm about to be married," he explained, "and want presents for the bride and bridesmaids and for my groomsman." The assistant was all attention. The customer, who, by the way, had a nice-looking brougham at the door, appeared to be a man of some substance. Diamonds glittered on his fingers and in his tie, and he seemed bona-fide enough.

So the jewels were brought from their cases and displayed on the counter. The keen eyes of the assistant watched his customer's hands. There were no suspicious movements and no thought of a daring robbery crossed his mind. After inspecting a large number of articles, the customer made his

The Shoplifter's Garter.

selection, which included six brooches for the bridesmaids, three valuable gem rings, a tiara and a diamond necklace, and a gold cigar-case. The assistant made out the bill, the customer scanned it rapidly, remarked "That's all right," and produced a wallet of bank-notes from the inside pocket of his coat. Counting out the required sum, he passed it over to the assistant, who forthwith commenced to pack up the articles purchased. A further touch of genuineness was given to the deal by the fact that three of the bridesmaids' brooches would have to be sent on. The six had all to be of one pattern, and only three could be supplied that day. Whilst the packing-up process was going on, the customer strolled casually to the shop door and stood looking out. Apparently a lady acquaintance passed, for he raised his silk hat and bowed with a smile, and then, turning to the assistant, remarked, "By jove, I've an appointment in a few minutes, look sharp with that packing." At the same time he proceeded to pocket some of the cases, and had just tucked away the last one when two stern-looking men entered the shop. "John Smith," said one of them to the customer, who started back in well-simulated horror and surprise, "I have a warrant for your arrest on a charge of having forged Bank of England notes in your possession. I am now going to take you to Bow Street." The supposed detective proceeded to give the usual warning, whilst his companion commenced a conversation with the assistant. "Has he purchased anything?" was the first question, and on the shopman replying that he had, came another query, "What did he pay with?" "Bank notes," says the assistant, becoming alarmed. "Let me see them," demands the detective, and immediately the shopman produces the notes. "Ah, as I thought," remarks the detective after closely examining some of the notes, "more forgeries," and then turning to the first detective he goes on, "this will form the subject of another charge, obtaining jewellery under false pretences and uttering forged notes." Retaining possession of the notes, the detective says to the assistant, "You must come at once to Bow Street, follow us in a cab. We will take this fellow down in his own vehicle." The assistant, thanking his stars that the detectives had arrived so opportunely, watches them as they handcuff their prisoner, get into his brougham, and drive away.



The Shoplifter's Garter.

Then he arranges to follow them, and sooner or later arrives at Bow Street or whatever police station has been named. There he tells his story, and is surprised that no one knows anything about the capture of the daring forger and thief. "Perhaps you have made a mistake and come to the wrong police station?" queries the officer in charge. But the assistant is positive, and then inquiries are made.

Nothing can be heard of the two "detectives" and their "prisoner," and gradually it dawned upon everyone concerned that one of the most daring swindles of many years had been worked with wonderful success.

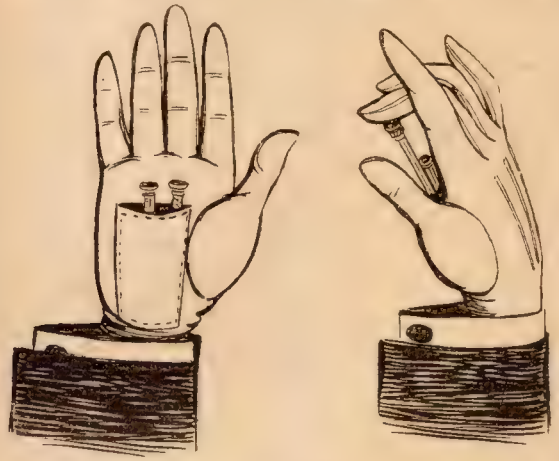
Into a jeweller's shop strolls a well-dressed man munching an apple. He announces the fact that he is anxious to purchase a ring, and begs to be excused for his unconventionality in eating the fruit, "but the fact is, the apples were so nice that I could not resist the temptation to indulge." The shopman smiles at the affable stranger and inquires the description of ring required. "A nice three-stone diamond, or a diamond and emerald," says the customer, and forthwith the rings are displayed, and the customer proceeds to look at them. At intervals he takes further bites at the apple, until at last there is nothing but the core left. He is unable to decide upon a ring. He tries several upon his little finger, remarking that a ring which fits that will fit the "engagement" finger of the lady to whom he intends to present it, and then with an "Excuse me," he turns to the door and throws the core into the road. Back he comes to the counter, and again he fingers the gems. At last he says, "They're all so pretty that I cannot for the life of me decide," and then, as if an inspiration seizes him, he adds, "What a good idea. (To the assistant) You had better take a dozen or so to the lady herself, and let her choose. Then bring them back here, and I will call this afternoon and pay for the one selected and take it away."

Then he gives to the assistant the name of a lady, and an address in an aristocratic square, and walks quietly out of the shop.

Now, what has become of the apple core? Immediately it had been thrown from the shop-door, the keen eyes of a man on the other side of the street spotted it. Marking the spot where it fell, he dodged quickly through the traffic, picked up the core, and rapidly vanished from the spot. What is it that sparkles as he places the core in his pocket? What but a diamond ring, one of the best which the shopman had displayed to the well-dressed customer. The latter, whilst examining the rings, had cleverly palmed one. Then he slipped the core through it, and when he flung that into the street, the ring went with it. If the ring had been missed whilst the customer was in the shop, he would stoutly assert his innocence, demand to be searched, and threaten all sorts of pains and penalties. Of course, he was perfectly safe. His accomplice and the ring were both well out of the way, and it would be quite impossible to charge him with stealing the gem unless it were found upon him or in a position in which he might possibly have placed it "for future reference," so to speak.

Shop-lifters, it may be mentioned, have been known to steal jewellery one day, leave it in the shop, and send an assistant to retrieve it later on. It is a very clever trick, and one that has been worked with astonishing success. A piece of putty is all that is required to enable the thief to carry out his designs. Armed with a slab of the substance mentioned, he enters a jeweller's shop, and in the usual way requests to see some rings. He will examine them carefully, and watch until the assistant has his attention attracted to another part of the shop. A ring swiftly disappears from the number on view, but instead of putting the gem in his pocket, the thief presses it against the under side of the projecting leaf, and then withdraws his hand, leaving it embedded in the putty which he had already placed in position. Then the thief decides that there is no ring to suit him, purchases a stud or some other trifle, and vanishes. If the shopkeeper discovers his loss before he leaves the shop, the criminal is quite ready to submit to an examination, and, of course, declares his innocence. He is searched, nothing is found, and he is allowed to go his way. Later in the day a smart little woman appears in the shop and purchases a muff chain. "There is one in the window which I particularly fancy," she mentions. "It is the third from the end." The assistant turns to get it, and as quickly as thought the woman passes her hand along the leaf of the counter. Soon she feels the putty, and in much shorter time than it takes to tell, the ring and its sticky wrapper are reposing in her pocket. Then, having secured the chain, out she goes, and in a few hours the ring is the property of a "fence."

A similar trick, but one which requires exceedingly smart manipulation, is worked in much the same way. The thief



A Thief's Glove.

having secured the ring—and this trick is only worked in shops where numbers of vases and other similar articles are on view—drops it into one of the little ornaments, and, of course, leaves at the earliest possible moment. An hour or so afterwards, the accomplice turns up and buys the vase, of which, by the way, the thief has been careful to take an accurate description, both as regards its appearance and its position in the shop.

Gloves have played a prominent part in the operations of shop-lifters. A well-known member of the fraternity who is now, shop-keepers will be glad to know, working out a sentence of five years as the penalty of his crimes, invented an appliance which helped him to reap a rich harvest. To the palm of an ordinary kid glove he fitted a pocket, as shown in the illustration. Probably the dodge would have remained unknown, but for the fact that the thief, when closely pressed on one occasion, dropped the glove at the edge of the pavement quite near the shop from which several good pencil-cases had just been stolen. Protruding from the pocket were two of the pencil-cases. The glove was used in this way: The thief, whilst being shown various articles in the shop, slipped whatever suited his fancy into the pocket, which was large enough to hold a gold watch, and which, by the look of it when it came into the possession of the police, had been used on many occasions. The thief's hands were always in sight. There were no movements to arouse suspicion, and as he always left the shop at the earliest moment, he managed for a long time to steer clear of the clutches of the law.

The Hollow Stick.

Another swell mobsman used a walking stick in which to carry most of the articles of jewellery which he from time to time managed to secure without paying for them. The stick was of ebony, with an engraved silver top, and looked innocent enough until it was put into operation. Pressure on a spring caused the top of the mounting to slide round on a pivot, and then was disclosed a cavity several inches in depth, in which a large number of rings, pins, small brooches and lockets could be stowed away and carried from the shop without fear of detection if the cry of "thief" happened to be raised. To prevent the contents of the cavity from rattling there was a neat lining of cotton wool.

Strange Disappearances.

THE discovery of the buried bodies at Leyton raises once more the point of strange disappearances in London. A reference to the official reports of Scotland Yard is a grim refutation of the old saw, "Murder will out." One has only to turn to the Chief Commissioner's latest report (published last month) to find the following startling figures:

	1900.	1901.
People reported missing	37,214	35,033.
Found and restored by the police	18,429	17,458.

This is in London alone; and thus it will be seen that, from the best-watched city in the world, the following numbers of people have completely vanished:

1900.	1901.
18,735	17,575.

How Laws Used to be Spoilt.

YEARS ago it was the custom to render an indictment null and void if in the drawing up thereof there was the least mistake, and it was not until the middle of the "sixties" in the last century that legal quibbles ceased to save a prisoner from the effects of his misdemeanours. It is said that the principle of all indictments being first proved to be perfect was stretched to such a point on one occasion that a judge actually refused to permit a trial to proceed because the charge stated that the accused had stolen a cow from a field, but the shape of the field was not specified. "It would be a subversion of the law," stated this wise jurist, "if the jury were not to know thoroughly whether the paddock in which the cow was situated was square or oblong." In Scotland to the present day the indictment is first inquired into, to determine, as the lawyers say, "whether the charge libelled is relevant," which in plain English means to decide whether the lawyers who drew up the indictment knew what they were doing.

HANDSOME FIELDING;

OR, ORLANDO THE FAIR.

"I am a man of war and might,
And know thus much, that I can fight
Whether I am i' th' wrong or right,
Devoutly.
No woman under heaven I fear,
New oaths I can exactly swear,
And forty healths my brains will bear
Most stoutly."

—ANON.

ROBERT FIELDING, the subject of this brief sketch, was born of a good old stock, some of whom deplored that fact very much. In his inimitable style, Dean Swift, although frank to admit that this extraordinary character was, by marriage, connected with his family, the great humorist, in unsparing language, denounced him, and perhaps the delinquencies of this gay Lothario lent inspiration to Swift's severe article in "The Lives of the Gamblers, Sharpers, etc."

Born at Reigate, in Surrey, where his father occupied a position of affluence, Fielding was carefully educated with a view to a legal career, qualifying him for admission to one of the honourable societies in the Temple; but, discontented with poring over "Coke upon Littleton" and other works, he relinquished that study and drew nearer to the court, living for some time in Scotland Yard, where he resided in the capacity of a justice of the peace for the Liberty of Westminster, a position allotted to him by King Charles II.

Fielding, who was a handsome, well-set-up man, early ingratiated himself with the King, who created the legend, "Handsome Fielding." This name and the pretensions to which he could rightly claim in that respect drew upon him the admiring eyes of several gentlewomen, to whom, as a fully-recognised courtier, he paid his addresses. The doubtful morals of the times largely aided him in his advances, and this fact, coupled with his capacity for ogling and flattery, made him more than conqueror, though his conquests wrought sad havoc in the lives of many of his victims.

So successful was he in these matters that he gave himself up entirely to love and wine, and through the whole course of his life after he made Venus and Bacchus the only idols of his passions. So much was his time engrossed in his numerous affaires that he even laid aside the honourable position of a justice of the peace, since he found it more profitable to pursue his attentions on the softer sex, who lavished their money upon him as well as their adoration. Thus it was by no means difficult to command abundant cash to help him in his eccentric and sometimes nefarious designs.

After the death of King Charles, "Handsome Fielding" became a favourite of King James, by whom he was appointed to a sinecure at Court, and so zealous was he in the religious differences of the time that he headed a troop of horse, and so manfully behaved himself, in the midst of a shower of stones and brick-bats, in a riot in St. John's, Westminster, that he retreated without the loss of a single man of his followers in arms, and this event gained as much repute for him among men who cared as little for fighting as himself.

After the Revolution he lay for some time dormant, till by the help of some friends he was promoted to be Major-General, and as such he succeeded in attracting additional attention, for, a thoroughly vain man, this qualification entitled him to decorate himself to his heart's content. His extravagance in the matter of attire knew no limit, especially as he made it a rule never to pay for his supplies, unless his liberty were threatened by refusal or neglect.

He was, as we have remarked, very handsome, and a determined fortune-hunter; but meeting with a female more able than himself, he was tricked into marriage under the assumption that the lady was possessed of a large fortune, while in truth she was as penniless as obscure. The circumstances of this episode are so amusing that it is necessary to give a few details.

There now appears on the scene the young widow of a Mr. Deleau, and, in order that he may secure audience of Mrs. Deleau, Fielding endeavoured to induce a Mrs. Streights to arrange a meeting. The latter lady disclaimed any acquaintanceship with the person in question, but she knew a certain Mrs. Charlotte Villars, who was in the habit of attending to her toilet. Mrs. Villars was promised £500 if she would undertake to call the attention of the interesting widow to the person of Fielding, so that he might gain admittance to her company, for in his bragging nature he did not question that if the lady only once saw his handsome person she would have the same affection for him that he had met with from other ladies, even at the first glance.

Mrs. Villars keenly appreciated the chance of making a penny for herself, and at once undertook the task of bringing the meeting to pass; but Mrs. Villars was a calculating body and a decided diplomatist, and she was also possessed of a liberal amount of tact. The £500 would be a splendid acquisition; but, argued she, if Mrs. Deleau should fail to respond to her plot, there can be no £500. Then, in the twinkling of an eye, this astute lady conceived a far safer plan. She had her own views as to Mrs. Deleau, and she shrewdly suspected that that lady would frustrate any attempt at an interview.

There was a young woman—Mary Wadsworth—who resided near at hand, and this person was not much unlike in person to Mrs. Deleau, and it was thought that there would be no difficulty in setting up Mrs. Wadsworth to represent the widow; and accordingly this was done, and the interview was arranged.

Stirred up into a degree of high elation, Fielding proceeded to Doctor's Commons to see Mr. Deleau's will, and he was most pleased with the result, for the widow had been left a considerable fortune.

Fielding one day went into the grounds of Mrs. Deleau's residence for the ostensible purpose of displaying his beauties before that lady. He thought nothing else was to be done but to let the lady see his handsome person in anticipation of his design to prostrate himself at her feet. But it happened that the lady would not be seen by herself, but her servants were permitted to show him the gardens; and he fancied that he had seen Mrs. Deleau, too, for a kinswoman of that lady, looking out into the garden while he was there, gave him the sight of a woman whom he concluded could be no other than Mrs. Deleau.

Some two or three days after this Fielding told Mrs. Villars of his visit to the gardens, and that he had informed the Duchess of Cleveland of their beauty, and he said that her grace had a great desire to see them, and therefore directed Mrs. Villars to acquaint Mrs. Deleau of the duchess's desire. Accordingly, the emissary proceeded upon her mission, and succeeded; but there was no such visit, for the all-sufficient reason that the duchess was ignorant of the message.

Unremitting in his zeal for his own cause, Fielding made several abortive attempts to see the widow, and he was repulsed in every effort.

When Mrs. Villars found that the Duchess of Cleveland knew nothing of her being sent to Waddon, the residence of Mrs. Deleau, and that it was only a contrivance of Fielding to get an opportunity of seeing Mrs. Deleau, and that in truth he had never seen her, she resolved to play trick for trick with him, and thereupon proposed to Mary Wadsworth to carry out the scheme projected by a fertile imagination.

Mrs. Villars immediately sought the ambitious lover, and told him that she had at length obtained of the lady the favour of a promise of an interview, and that she was shortly to bring her to his lodgings, but he must take care not to let her know they were his lodgings. Accordingly, Mrs. Villars brought Mrs. Wadsworth in a mourning coach and widow's dress.

Now was the moment for supreme action. To possess the wealth of the lady now standing before him he must appear to the best possible advantage; he must exercise, discreetly and convincingly, his vast store of gallantry and platitude, and in anything that appealed to his cupidity as well as his vanity he was never at a disadvantage. He immediately paraded his fine (unpaid for) wardrobe; he called "Mrs. Deleau's" attention to his handsome furniture, his

sumptuous domestic appointments. The "widow" was treated to every consideration: she was feasted and entertained, and the enthusiasm of Fielding became so pronounced and his affection for the lady so extreme that nothing would satisfy him but being married that very night.

With seeming modesty, however, the lady checked Fielding's forward behaviour, making a show of going away in displeasure; but, before parting, he prevailed upon her to promise not to put off their marriage for more than a week.

When the day came which had been agreed upon, a sham pretence was made not to seem over-hasty in so serious a matter, and the marriage was put off until the following Friday, at which time Mrs. Villars and the bride-elect called again at the adventurer's lodging. He received her in an extraordinary transport of joy, and he insisted that the marriage must be instantly proceeded with. The lady made a show of curbing his excitement, and she most aggravatingly suggested further delay. This was too much for the ardent lover. When the lady attempted to leave the house he would by no means permit her to go. At this point appearances very much represented a lively comedy. To make his purpose sure, he ran out of the room and locked the chamber door, immuring the two ladies, whilst he went for a priest. He was not long upon his errand, and a very short ceremony bound in holy wedlock Robert Fielding and—who?

Charmed with his supposed success, he made his wife the most costly presents; he furnished her with money, and he indulged in every form of excess to gratify her hourly wants, and it was not long ere the deception was disclosed; and then, finding how he had been served, and that instead of marrying a fortune of £60,000 he had been imposed upon and married one not worth a penny, he discarded her in great wrath. The philosopher had been scratched, and indeed the tiger appeared!

He was determined that this incident should not suspend his career of fortune, and, accordingly, sixteen days after it took place, Beau Fielding united himself to the most noble Barbara, Duchess of Cleveland, a well-known mistress of Charles II., and who was a compound of lust and avarice, whose name, like that of the Duchess of Portsmouth, was associated with the foulest ignominy.

This second marriage led to a charge of felony against Robert Fielding, who was placed at the bar of the Old Bailey, on December 4, 1706, on a charge of bigamy. Certain circumstances had suddenly come to light with reference to the first marriage. The second had evidently proved a great failure, as Fielding extravagantly wasted the duchess's fortune to enable him to carry out his intrigues with other women, and it is recorded that he abused her in the most shameful and violent manner. So much so, indeed, that, prior to the hearing of the cause célèbre, Fielding was arrested and committed to Newgate.

At that period bigamy was regarded as a capital offence, and a scene of extraordinary interest was presented in the court, where all the doings of the "gallant major-general" were thoroughly sifted, and his great brutality to the duchess was made the most of. As an evidence of the double life of our subject, we cannot help quoting his letter to the one who was subsequently to submit to the most atrocious treatment:

CHALLENGED HIM TO MORTAL COMBAT.

> "MADAM,—It is not only that nature has made us two the most accomplished of each sex, and pointed to us to obey her dictates in becoming one, but that there is also an ambition in following the mighty persons you have favoured. 'Where kings and heroes, as great as Alexander, or such as could personate Alexander, have bowed, permit your general to lay his laurels."

At the end of a lengthy trial Fielding was returned guilty of felony, when he craved the benefit of his clergy, which was allowed. And then judgment was formally delivered that he should be burnt in his hand; but, having possessed himself of the queen's warrant to suspend execution, he was liberated on bail, and the marriage with the duchess was annulled.

From this time he, who by his magnetic influences was able to bring into subjection maids, wives, and widows, in every rank of society, speedily started on the down grade.

and where his influence had been at one time potential, he rapidly became an object for derision and ridicule.

Attempting to force his presence upon some ladies at a public entertainment, Fielding, in his anxiety to secure their attention, trod upon the foot of a barrister, and this limb of the law challenged him to mortal combat. The contest went against Fielding, and, presenting himself on the stage, he bared his breast by way of appeal to the ladies present. But a decidedly gaping wound of several inches in depth only produced a storm of laughter against the superannuated Beau.

All his foppishness vanished in a trice; his house was soon shut up; he made no more tours in a calash through London all day long that the citizens might view his vanity, whilst the mob hooted at him like an owl in an ivy bush; the play-houses were rid of a prodigal spectator, the chocolate-houses of a troublesome guest, the taverns of a bad customer, and the coffee-houses of a prating companion.

All his vain-glory flew straight into the air, and in a week's time the name of Handsome Fielding was no more talked of, as though no such fop had ever existed.

Thrown into obscurity by his own wantonness and frivolity, aggravated by his matchless brutality, historians are indifferent as to indicating the place of his death. He is said by one authority to have lived incognito in Hampshire; others say that he lingered, in very mean circumstances, in Holland; whilst a rhymster of the period expressed his doubt in the following doggerel strain:

EPITAPH.

"If Fielding is dead,
And lies under this stone,
That he is not alive,
You may lay two to one;
But if he's alive,
And do's not lie here,
Let him live till he's hanged,
For no man do's care."

The account rendered of his last days in Hampshire seems to be the most credible, as we gather that he was made the object of the tender solicitude of a woman who was his constant companion and nurse. This person appeared to be indefatigable in administering to his capricious wants, his acerbity of temperament, and the many trying and burdensome attentions through those infirmities which his licentiousness had brought to him, who was "full, but not loaded with years" (Swift).

The woman referred to was none other than his wife, Mary Wadsworth!

CRIMINALS' LUCK.

IT is not often that those who are convicted of a fault, or who have been caught in flagrante delicto, escape the punishment of their misdeeds, but there are several cases on record which show that sometimes the guilty, even when detected, escape, and one example proves how a profit was actually made out of an appearance at a Magistrate's Court.

In the summer of 1890, in one of the small towns of Scotland, the police one day arrested three persons. One was extremely drunk and very disorderly, and the other two had been committing assaults, which were admitted. On the following morning Robert conveyed his charges to the Police Court to be dealt with, but no Magistrate arrived, although the day was the regular weekly sessions. Hour after hour passed, but no "beak" could be found, and in the end the offenders were discharged. The explanation was simple enough. Every one of the local Magistrates was a merchant, and the day was that on which the annual merchants' holiday was held. Each one of the "great unpaid" had reckoned on one of his colleagues being present, with the result that they all met at the rendezvous many miles from the Court-House.

At the time of the great exhibition at Edinburgh one of the inmates of the Japanese Village had a somewhat similar stroke of luck. The visitors from the Land of the Chrysanthemum, unable to understand the laws which govern this country, had become embroiled in a street row, and when the police stepped in to protect them, one of them attacked the constables. As a natural consequence he put in an appearance at the Police Court on the following morning. Some little time was spent in finding an interpreter, for there is usually some difficulty in obtaining gentlemen conversant with Japanese, and when a man, who styled himself a Japanese and English scholar, was procured, it was found that his knowledge of English was so scanty that he would require to be interpreted by a professor of Pidgin English.

Willing to tackle even these difficulties the Sheriff commenced to hear the charge, but when he got to the calling of Japanese witnesses, he stopped the case and released the accused, for on learning that the method of taking an oath in Japan consists in cutting the first finger of the right hand and making a mark with the blood which results, the Sheriff wisely decided that the damage to the witnesses would be more than the slight damage which the constable had sustained. Incidentally, he added, it was useless to admonish the prisoner as no one was capable of translating the true sense of the address to the occupant of the dock.

Great good fortune was also the lot of an inhabitant of Heligoland, who, before the island was ceded to Germany, was convicted of the theft of a few pewter spoons. For half a century there had been no criminal charge in the "colony," and the natives were much interested in the case. On conviction the culprit was sentenced to two weeks' hard labour in prison dress. There was a hitch at the commencement of the infliction of this punishment, for the prison dress had to be made for the prisoner. Then hard labour had to be provided for him, which consisted in shovelling sand on the pier for eight hours a day, Sunday being allowed to him to rest. There being no prison or place of detention in Heligoland, the culprit was confined in the guest chamber of the Governor's residence, and took his meals at the very restaurant from which he had abstracted the spoons! At the end of his term of durance, the convict asserted that he had never worn such good clothes and had never experienced such luxury as he did during the two weeks of "punishment."

Another prisoner who may be said to be included in the list of lucky criminals is one who has, until quite recently, been confined in the gaol at Huntington, United States. His term is a long one, and under ordinary circumstances he would be compelled to work, but since he was convicted he has developed a curious affliction which baffles the doctors. Sometimes for days at a time he sleeps, and nothing can wake him up. On his best days he is awake for only three or four hours, most of which time is occupied in feeding him. When conscious his appetite is good, and he seems to be in fair health, but in the short space of half-an-hour after a meal he becomes drowsy, his speech incoherent, and he relapses into slumber for at least twenty-four hours, and possibly three days. The medical men who have examined him are convinced that he is not a malingerer, and consequently this prisoner lives in luxury, is fed on the best and most nourishing of provisions, and does no work whatsoever.

But perhaps the palm of all "lucky criminals" must be accorded to the captain of one of the Thames steamers who, in 1889, was summoned to appear before one of the London Magistrates for overcrowding his vessel on Bank Holiday. In all he had 307 persons more than he ought to have had on his boat when the Inspector came on board. For this offence, which, by the way, might have resulted in a terrible disaster, had the vessel got into difficulties, since there were not nearly enough boats to carry such a crowd of passengers, he was fined the maximum fine of £15 and one shilling for each passenger in excess. His bill, therefore, worked out as follows:

Fine	£15	0	0
307 passengers at 1s. fine	15	7	0
Total penalty	£30	7	0

But as a set-off against this the captain netted from his excess passengers the sum of £46 1s., since the fare which he charged was three shillings per head, so in the end he was the gainer of fifteen guineas all but a shilling by breaking the law, although he was caught in the act.

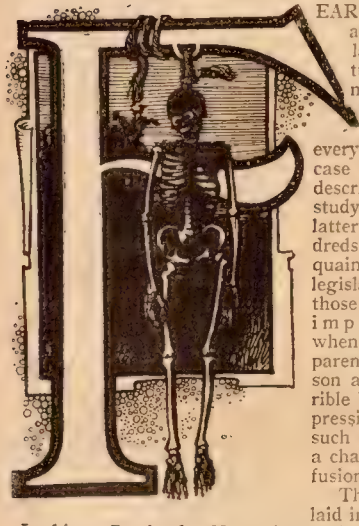
From America we get many stories of gaol birds who have much happier lives than their free brethren do, but most of these have to be accepted as "American Yarns." Many novelists have told us that the prisoners are permitted, in most of the prisons, to spend their days playing cards and gambling, while tobacco and spirits seem to form regular items in the gaol menu, at least in the novelists' gaol fare. This was the case many years ago, but nowadays affairs have altered, and the Yankee convict has almost as unpleasant a time as his English confrère.

TREASON v. PARRICIDE.

Philip Stansfield.

THE HISTORY OF A BRUTAL SON WHO SLEW HIS FATHER AND DESPISED HIS KING.

"If this be treason, make the most of it."
—Speech in Parliament by P. Henry, 1815.



FEARFUL and wonderful as are the ways of the law in the present century, they were much more curious in the days when capital punishment rewarded almost every species of offence. The case which we are about to describe is interesting as a study in Scotch law in the latter half of the sixteen hundreds, showing as it does the quaint formalities of the legislative procedure in those days, the tremendous import given to treason, when merely to curse at a parent was considered treason and punished with horrible barbarity, and the suppression of minor charges—such as murder!—in face of a charge of drinking "confusion to the King."

The scene of this story is laid in Haddingdon, in East Lothian, Scotland. Near that little town stood a factory, known as New Mills, where Scotch broadcloth had been made for some time prior to the competition of the West Country weavers and the Yorkshiremen. Before the time of the Union (1603) English cloth was prohibited in Scotland, but, with the amalgamation of the two countries, ingress was given to the manufactures of the South, and eventually the Scotch industry in certain classes of fabrics was killed.

Among those who came from England to pursue the trade of weavers in the newly-acquired country was a man named Stansfield, whose decendants eventually rose to great honour, one becoming Sir James Stansfield, who was either proprietor or part-proprietor of the New Mills in 1680 and following years. He had two sons, the eldest, Phillip, who is the subject of this memoir, and John, whose character was widely different from that of his elder brother, and who indirectly was implicated in this tragedy.

Phillip was a wild and shiftless youth from his very birth. His father had him well educated and brought up in the way befitting the son of a wealthy knight. Later, Phillip went to England, and the first definite record we have of him is that he was imprisoned in Southwark Gaol, which later became the Marshalsea Prison, for debt.

In this plight he wrote to Sir James, and the indulgent father supplied the necessary money to obtain his release. Then Phillip went abroad, and, pursuing the same course, found himself incarcerated at Antwerp, and again the knight came to his rescue. Holland was next visited, where again he obtained free quarters in the dungeon. So he progressed, getting into durance and persuading his good-natured father to obtain his discharge.

But there is a limit even to a father's forbearance, and when Phillip returned to Scotland, a disgraced man and a vagabond, Sir James Stansfield realised that his presumptive heir was no fit person to be entrusted with the estates and revenues attaching to the house, and told him that he would disinherit him and leave the property to John, the younger son.

This angered Phillip, and though he had hitherto been fond of his brother, he became bitter against him. Contemporary records speak well for John Stansfield, and in later years he regained the position which, as will be seen presently, his brother forfeited for the whole family. But though incensed against his brother, whom he regarded as his supplanter, he was still more bitter against his father, and there is no doubt that on several occasions he offered violence to him, besides abusing him to all and sundry. In spite of this, he was allowed to live at New Mills, in the same house as his father, and, save for frequent quarrels because he was not permitted to have too much of the family money to squander with the drunken loafers of the district, had little to complain of.

Thus matters went on till about the middle of 1687, when Phillip got rather more reckless than usual. One day, in a drunken fit, he collected several of the servants in the kitchen of New Mills—for he appears to have preferred their company to that of his equals—and, calling for ale, drank a series of toasts commencing with "Confusion to anti-Christ and the Pope," and then going on to "Confusion to the King" (James II.), and the misery of the Chancellor, and so forth. Of course, the whole affair was but a mad prank, and he compelled Samuel Spofforth, the valet, to go down on his knees and drink the same toasts.

A little later he was told that he had committed treason in drinking these toasts, and he swore an oath that whoever gave information about it should be killed. As he was frequently promising to kill people, the servants thought little of his threats, and gossipped with the neighbours, but at the time the whole affair was treated lightly.

About the harvest time Mrs. Stansfield, or Dame Stansfield, as she should be called, fainted, and Phillip looked after her. When she recovered, she said, "Phillip, you will shortly want your mother, which will be a gentle visitation to Sir James, your father." Apparently the mother took the side of the rascally son, as is usually the case. Phillip replied, "By my soul, my father shall be dead before you, mother!" and a week later he repeated the same words, and added, that though at that time he was dependent on the charity of his relations, he would soon be laird of the district, and would pay people out as they had served him. Being accustomed to the young man's talk, no heed was paid to these rash utterances, and it was generally considered that alcohol or "strong waters" was the immediate cause of his utterances.

This was the exact state of affairs when, one morning, the servant went to Sir James's bedroom and saw that his bed was unoccupied. A further search throughout the house proved that the knight was not to be found. There was a chaplain in the house, and when he was told that his patron was missing he went to look for the errant Phillip, and, having found him, asked him where he had been. The answer surprised him, for he was told that he had been seeking his father by the banks of the water, doubtless referring to an ornamental lake which formed a part of the New Mills estate. "What dost thou mean?" inquired the clergyman. But Phillip made no reply, and walked out of the house. The parson was alarmed at this, and started off to follow him. He caught him up just before they got to the edge of the mere, or lake, and as they approached it they were met by a body of retainers, who told them that the body of Sir James had been found in the lake, and that they were just getting a "cleig," or large hook, to haul it out with. The worthy cleric was so alarmed at this that he refused to go any farther, but returned to his chamber, where he indulged in fainting fits for the remainder of the day.

Well, the body of the dead knight was hauled out of the lake, and Phillip refused to permit it to be properly laid out in the house; so it was taken to the cellar, where a lady whose reputation was a by-word in the district, and who was particularly distasteful to the deceased, was employed to "woond" it, by which we should understand to wrap it in the winding-sheet, which was then customary.

Now, this person, known as Janet Johnstoun, was rather avaricious, and she thought it scandalous that a quantity of good linen should be used to wrap up a corpse in, so she practised economy and reserved a portion of the regulation amount for herself. A servant of the house saw her doing this, and felt that she was being robbed of her own perquisites, so she quarrelled with her, and thus the first high words were spoken about this matter, and Janet Jonstoun was remembered as having a knowledge of the tragedy—a knowledge which later cost her much suffering.

The men who recovered the body of the laird noticed that the corpse was floating on the top of the water, and in those days much importance was attached to this. However, for fear of the wrath of the young master—for no will disinheriting Phillip could be found—they thought it best to remain silent. When, later, it transpired that the clergyman and

the retainers of the house had begged that the neighbouring physicians and gentry might be asked to view the remains before they were interred, and when Phillip refused this, and, further, buried his father secretly at night, on the very day of the discovery of his death, then they began to talk, and eventually a strong protest was sent to the magistrates, which was followed in the course of a couple of hours by an order for two doctors to disinter the body and examine it.

The exhumation took place at once, and the body was carried into the local church, for then the Scots thought little of utilising their places of worship as post-mortem rooms. There the doctors examined what was left of Sir James, and they concluded that he had been strangled first and then thrown into the lake. The marks on his neck were sufficient proof of the former statement, while the fact that the thin ice which was on the lake was unbroken between the shore and the body was regarded as sufficient evidence that the body had been cast into the water.

On this becoming known, together with collateral testimony, a warrant was issued for the arrest of Phillip, who was known to have been bitter against his father, and who had been mainly instrumental in forwarding the funeral. He was informed of the order for his apprehension, but, seeing that he could not possibly get clear of the district, wisely remained at home and awaited the advent of the officers.

The preliminary examinations took very little time, and as they mainly concerned matters dealt with in the trial itself, we shall omit them; suffice it to say that he was committed to the Tolbooth of Edinburgh till he should stand his trial before the Lords of Justiciary in the High Court.

It was on the 6th of February, 1688, that the Lord Justice General, accompanied by four other judges, called Lords of Justiciary, took his seat in the High Court of Edinburgh, to inquire into the case which was "libelled" against Phillip Stansfield. The space set aside for spectators was crowded, for the whole of the countryside had been excited by the charge.

Scotch law differs from ours, and the first day was occupied in arguing as to whether the indictment was relevant to the matter. The panel, or accused, was not present, nor was there any jury. The whole day was devoted to a contest of lawyers.

The prosecution was represented by the Lord Advocate General and a couple of his colleagues, the functionary holding much the same position as the Public Prosecutor does in England, with the duties of Attorney-General added thereto. To defend the man whose life was at stake four eminent counsel were permitted by the Privy Council to appear, three of them being ancestors of great legal luminaries, the principal being Sir David Thoirs.

The first day was devoted to the determination whether the indictment fully covered the various charges, and speech after speech was made by the advocates engaged, but at the close of the wordy warfare the judges ordered that the prisoner should be brought to the bar on the following morning, to be tried on the charges of high treason and of murder.

Accordingly, on the following morning, Phillip was placed in the dock, and the indictment read over to him. This was an unnecessary proceeding, inasmuch as the law provided that he should be supplied with a copy of it at least fifteen days before his trial, to enable him to prepare his defence.

REFUSED TO HAVE THE BODY IN THE HOUSE.

The indictment itself is an interesting document, seeing that the English is quaint, and the lawyers who drew it up were so anxious to be accurate that they placed every date as being within the three months preceding or following the action. It charges "Phillip Stansfield, elder lawful son to umquhile Sir James Stansfield," with a variety of offences, the principal being treason, because he, "shaking off all fear of God, the bonds and ties of nature and Christianity, regard and obedience to the said laws," did dare and presume to commit certain horrid and detestable crimes—to wit, treason by drinking to the confusion of the King, treason by abusing his father, and murder by slaying the said old gentleman. We should like to quote the document, but as it extends over forty pages of closely written foolscap pages it is impossible.

The fifteen jurors were sworn in as soon as the panel had pleaded "not guilty," and the trial proceeded. Treason being considered infinitely more important than parricide, the witnesses were first called to prove that on a certain occasion the prisoner had drunk confusion to the King, and Spofforth, who, it will be remembered, was forced to kneel down and drink the toast, had to testify thereto, together with the other servants who were present.

Next, those who had ever heard the accused abuse his

father, whether before his face or behind his back, were put in the witness-box, and it was stated that when Sir James's food was being sent up to his room Phillip would exclaim, "May it choke him!" or "May his belly never have more in it than it has at present!"

These startling facts were sworn to by witnesses who, according to the law of the time, were "duly purged of all malice and hatred, and sworn to give true witness thereto."

The greater part of the trial was taken up in listening to those who had heard the poor young man drink foolish toasts, and then evidence as to the death of his father was called. One worthy, the Rev. John Bell, a minister of religion, as he styled himself, was not only "purged and sworn," but also "released," a necessary proceeding for clerics in the seventeenth century. He did not give his evidence verbally, but, to show his scholarship, produced a written document, which was accepted as evidence. This precious screed says that the good parson was asleep on the night preceding the discovery of the body, and suddenly he woke up and felt sure that there were evil spirits about the house. According to him, these evil spirits must have been rather material bodies, for, when the corpse of the knight was found in the lake, the clergyman had not the least hesitation in declaring that he felt sure the poor man had been done to death by the wicked sprites from the other world. Phillip had suggested suicide to him, but the canny minister pointed out that men do not strangle themselves first and then walk a couple of hundred yards to the nearest pond and jump in; the man of God therefore decided that the slaying of Sir James was the work of the Evil One, in whom he had a strong belief.

Doctors were then called to state what they had observed concerning the corpse of the slain man. They recounted the result of their examination in weird English, into which they tried to cram as many rare words as possible, and thus confused the jury. Who, for instance, in the present day, would be likely to understand the following little phrase, unless he was a trained physician: "There was a large swelling under the chin and the cartilago scutiformis; there was also a little scratch below the left mandibula, which had rankled the cuticula and made some little impression on the cutis." In this strain the doctors discoursed for some hour or so, proving eventually, when their jargon had been translated into every-day English, that there was no doubt that the unfortunate Sir James had been strangled before he was thrown into the pond. But they were not content to confine themselves to the facts which they knew. They declared that when they had finished their examination of the body in the church, they had asked the relations of the dead man to assist them in replacing him in his coffin, and that when the prisoner had taken hold of the head of his father, suddenly a great gush of blood had rushed forth, proving him to be the murderer. In fact, these early scientists even went so far as to state that this was one of the Almighty's usual methods of pointing out murderers.

Other witnesses swore that when Phillip touched the body of his father his hands were covered with blood, although no one else was stained in any way, and declared that then the accused rushed away from the bier, crying out, "God have mercy upon us!" and sank down on one of the benches in the church in a faint. This sort of supernatural evidence made a great impression on the jury.

Further witnesses were called to show that the prisoner had on several occasions threatened to take his father's life, but they all admitted that they had regarded the whole affair as the outburst of passion at the time. It was then stated that Janet Johnstoun was known to have been cognisant of the evil intents of the prisoner, and that he had bribed her to lay out the body so that the proofs of the strangling might not appear. To this it was significantly added that she could not appear, "as she had been submitted to the torture by the order of the Privy Council." Poor woman! she had been racked and swung up by her thumbs till she was a helpless cripple, in the hopes that she would reveal more than she actually knew!

This was all the evidence for the prosecution, and all that could be adduced for the defence was that after the prisoner had drunk "Confusion to the King," he had been heard to drink "long life" to him.

By way of making assurance doubly sure, the Crown advocate applied for an assize of error against the jury in case they should acquit the panel, which meant that if any of the jurors wished to set the prisoner free he would be liable to be tried himself on the same charge for giving a wrong verdict. This was granted. Is it any wonder, then, that the fifteen Scotsmen did not take very long to decide that Phillip Stansfield was guilty of the crime of treason, and had also committed the minor offence of parricide? That being so, Stansfield was brought to the bar, and the following barbarous sentence pronounced upon him:

"The Lords Justice General and Commissioners of Justiciary having considered the verdict of the assize returned against Phillip Stansfield, they, by the mouth of John Leslie, Dempster of Court, decerned and adjudged the said Phillip Stansfield to be taken, upon Wednesday next, being the 15th of February instant, to the Market Cross of Edinburgh, and there, betwixt two and four o'clock in the afternoon, be hanged on a gibbet till he is dead, and his tongue to be cut out and burned upon the scaffold, and his right hand to be cut off and affixed to the East Port of Haddington, and his body to be carried to the Gallowlie, betwixt Leith and Edinburgh, and there to be hanged up in chains; and ordains his name, fame, and memory, and honours to be extinct, his arms to be riven forth and delete out of the books of arms, so as that his posterity may never have place, nor be able hereafter to bruik or joyse any honours, offices, titles, or dignities, within this realm in time coming, and to have forfaulted, amitted, and tint all and sundry his lands, heritages, titles, offices, tacks, steadings, rooms, possessions, goods and gear whatsomeever pertaining to him, to our Sovereign Lord, to remain perpetuallie with his Highness in property. Which was pronounced for doom: whereupon His Majestie's Advocate asked and took instruments."

This interminable sentence was pronounced by the Dempster in exactly the words given above, and the unfortunate convict was then removed to the Tolbooth. A week later he was brought out into the market place and his sentence duly carried out, his tongue being cut out and burnt, and a special messenger being sent with his right hand to affix it to the east gate of Haddington. For some months he dangled in his chains on the Leith road, and then, after the crows had done their work, only the bare chains remained.

John Stansfield was temporarily under a cloud, but his sterling honesty and his hard work brought him to the fore in a very short time, and the sentence of attainder was subsequently reversed, and he regained the heritages which, but for the murder of his father and the execution of his brother, would by right have been his.

The Office of Bellman.

ONE of the functionaries who departed with the processions to Tyburn was that of the Bellman of Newgate, yet in the days when executions were frequent spectacles he was a most important personage. The functionary was paid out of a charity left by Master Richard Dowe. On the eve of an execution he had to ring his bell beneath the windows of the condemned cell and repeat the verses which have become almost part of the English classics:

"All you that in the condemned cell do lie,
Prepare you, for to-morrow you shall die.
Watch all and pray, the hour is drawing near
When you before th' Almighty must appear.
Examine well yourselves, in time repent,
That you may not t' eternal flames be sent.
And when St. 'Pulchre's bell to-morrow tolls,
The Lord have mercy on your souls.
Past twelve o'clock."

This cheerful doggerel is well known, but it formed but the least important part of the Bellman's duties, though with his other functions the public is less well acquainted.

On the day of execution itself, when the unhappy doomed had left Newgate, after undergoing the wearisome formalities which were then deemed necessary, the carts stopped at the steps of the Church of St. Sepulchre. There stood the Bellman, with his large bell in his hand. After ringing twelve times he was bound to address the convicts and the spectators thus:

"All good people, pray heartily unto God for these poor sinners, who are now going to their death, for whom this great bell doth toll.

"You that are condemned to die repent with lamentable tears; ask mercy of the Lord for the salvation of your souls through the merits, death, and passion of Jesus Christ, who now sits on the right hand of God, to make intercession for as many of you as penitently return unto Him. Lord have mercy upon you! Christ have mercy upon you!"

Having delivered this formula, better fitted for a minister of religion than for a sexton, who occasionally acted as executioner, the Bellman handed to each of the condemned—for as a rule there were several to be hanged at the same time—a bunch of flowers, and occasionally a cup of wine was offered to the victims on their way to the scaffold.

Criminal Problems

PREVENTION OF CRIME—DEVELOPMENT OF OUR PRISON SYSTEMS.

THE first really important move towards the amelioration of the lot of adult prisoners was made by John Howard, whose investigations of the horrors of the prisons of his day led him to protest indignantly against the brutality practised in the sacred name of Justice. In his time prisons were more or less sources of revenue to private individuals, and no two were managed alike. The prison officials were badly paid, and had to recoup themselves for their services by a system of extortion.

Prisoners were charged for having their irons put on, and later were charged "easement" for having them taken off again. Every little privilege could be bought, provided the poor prisoner had money, but the lot of the impecunious was indeed hard.

Sanitation there was none, sleeping quarters were shared by just as many as the gaoler chose to thrust into them, and in many instances the prisoners had to take it in turns to sleep, there not being room on the floor for all in the cell. Gambling went on day and night, and drunkenness was common amongst those who had the wherewithal to pay the exorbitant prices which the head of the prison charged for liquor. It is needless to add that, from time to time, the prisons were decimated by disease, the dreaded typhus fever being rife in the overcrowded, stinking dungeons in which the wretched malefactors were incarcerated. In the early years of the last century imprisonment merely meant keeping in safe custody.

Following on the protests of Howard, Parliament passed a couple of Acts, in 1823 and 1824, insisting that health, moral training, and regular labour were quite as important objects as mere detention. By the same Acts it was ordered that female prisoners should be controlled by female officers only, and thus one of the most hideous abuses of the old system was swept away.

Ten years or so elapsed, and again Parliament was concerned with the lot of the unhappy individuals who were guests of the State. This time it was ordered that proper food should be supplied to prisoners, and that the rules of each prison should be submitted to the Secretary of State for approval. All this while prisoners were living in association, and it was not till 1839 that permission was given for culprits to be confined in separate cells. Then it suddenly dawned on the authorities that our prisons were defectively built, and in a very short time Pentonville was erected, and has formed the standard model for many years.

The Prisons Act of 1865 did a good deal to improve the state of our gaols, which were still woefully deficient in sanitation and uniformity. Separate confinement was absolutely insisted upon, and it was forbidden to the governors of gaols to utilise the prisoners as their own private servants. The county prisons, which had previously been under the absolute control of the local authorities, were compelled to accept the new regulations, and preserve something like uniformity of treatment. The Act was certainly a great improvement on its predecessors, but, for all that, it left a number of loopholes which enabled lax magistrates to allow discord and idleness to creep into their gaols, and permitted a good many abuses.

These abuses grew till, in 1877, Mr. Cross, who afterwards became Viscount Cross, brought in his celebrated Prisons Act, which transferred the control of all gaols from the local authorities to a central body, called the Commissioners of Prisons, which board had to deal with everything appertaining to the penal system of England. A definite table of dietary was framed for adoption in every gaol, and a uniform scale of labour devised, so that the convict was certain of getting equal punishment wherever he was situated, and this is the system which, in the main, has continued to the present day.

The treatment of female prisoners naturally differs a good deal from that of males, their excitable nature rendering it necessary that they should not be kept in solitude as long as their hardier brothers. Their officers are experienced matrons, and even the governor of the prison does not possess a key which will admit him into the gaol. This is a very necessary precaution, for hysterical females, and especially criminals, are prone to make the most exaggerated charges against their keepers, and the public is only too willing to believe anything of Government officials.

The tendency in the present day is rather to lessen the burden of the convict than to increase it, and those who have to deal with the modern prisoner are specially selected men, possessed of high qualifications and of great judgment. Many have served their country well in the Army or Navy, and thus learnt the lesson of discipline. The entire management of the gaols is directed from the Office of the Commissioners, and there is a staff of prison inspectors, whose duty it is to go from gaol to gaol and inquire into any complaints which the prisoners may have to make, to see that the regulations are strictly enforced, and to make sure that absolute uniformity obtains throughout the kingdom. These responsible officers are selected from the ranks of those who have been governors of prisons and who have distinguished themselves by their tact and power of governing.

Answers to Correspondents

The Editor will be pleased to answer any suitable questions.

LASSIE.—Executed in 1843.
BOBS.—Yes, in a few weeks.
P.—Yes; trial lasted eight days.
JACK KETCHE.—Rather dangerous.
FRANK K.—You might do so, but use care.
Z. X.—We will answer any question on the subject.
TOMMY DODD.—If you bought No. 8 you evidently did not read it very carefully.
CAT.—Charles Butcher was executed at the Old Bailey in August, 1826, for sheep-stealing.

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